

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

Rival Houses of York and Lancaster	513	Van Halen's Narrative	520	Influence of the Powers of Society	522	Klopstock	525
Shaksperiana	515	Margaret Dods' Cookery	521	on Governments	522	Necrology	526
Crowe on English Versification	516	Bibliotheca Parriani	522	ORIGINAL: Stanzas	523	You must be Buried, &c.	526
Humble Address of John Lowe	518	Hinton's Theology	522	Thoughts upon Comedy	523	VARIETIES: Anecdotes, Metaphy-	527
Montgomery's Pelican Island	519	Buckingham's Mesopotamia	522	The Cameleopard	524	sical Reply, &c. &c.	527

No. 431.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1827.

Price 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Biographical; embracing a Period of English History, from the Accession of Richard II. to the Death of Henry VII. By EMMA ROBERTS, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Harding and Lepard.

MISS ROBERTS is already known to the public as the writer of numerous tales, interesting in incident and elegant in diction; besides two tragedies which have also received the public approbation. We believe this is her first essay in the historic field of literary labour, from which the female pen has hitherto generally shrunk, probably from a conviction that the great research and unwearied assiduity, added to considerable literary talent, which are requisite in the formation of a correct historical record, is not precisely adapted to the female mind. Be this as it may, while the sex can boast of such names as Madame de Stael and Miss Benger, it is not for us to deny them powers fully adequate to the undertaking, and with favourable anticipations from Miss Roberts's former writings, we have perused the present volumes; those anticipations have not been in the least degree disappointed. We can safely recommend the work as a faithful record of the times, which her numerous references fully testify; written with considerable ease and ability, and without any of that party or religious, or rather anti-religious bias, which have defaced most of our popular histories. The work commences with an account of the house of Lancaster, which, for so long a period, usurped the place of sovereignty, and deluged our island in the blood of her children—it is thus recorded:—

‘The royal house of Lancaster dates its origin from the reign of Henry III., and the immense wealth heaped by that monarch upon Edmond, surnamed Crouchback or Cross-back, his son, laid the foundation of that overpowering greatness, which, under his unfortunate descendant Richard II., had arrived to such a height of grandeur as not only to menace but to seize the crown. A brief sketch of the rise, progress, and fortunes of this potent family will display the dangerous ascendancy which it gained in the state during the four succeeding reigns. Henry III. loaded his son Edmond with the spoils of the rebellious barons: besides the lands of the Earl Ferrers, of the Earl of Derby, and of Simon Mountford, Earl of Leicester, the indulgent monarch gave his favourite son the custody of the castles of Kearnardin and Cardigan. Edmond was also created Earl of Chester and invested by Pope Innocent with the kingdoms of Sicily and Apulia, an unsubstantial honour, compared with the lavish favours which he received from his bounteous

parent's hands. A modern writer has traced the inordinate wealth, the foundation of equally inordinate ambition of the house of Lancaster, to this fatal gift of the Pope. Unable to conquer the kingdom of Sicily with his own resources, the pontiff politically inveigled Henry III. into the expensive undertaking. The credulous king wept for joy at the investiture of his son, performed in London in 1255 by the Bishop of Bononia, but being compelled to apply for extravagant grants to carry on the war, the barons firmly refused to countenance so chimerical a project, and failing to convince the king by their arguments of the folly of lavishing his treasures in a fruitless attempt upon a distant country, after suffering repeated unjust exactions, flew at length to arms. The bitter contention between Henry and his barons ended in the total ruin of the confederates. Edmond, amply remunerated for the loss of his kingdom by the possession of their forfeited estates, transmitted to his descendants an inheritance so vast and overpowering, that they became too great for subjects, and Richard II. fell beneath the superior influence of Henry of Lancaster. Though placed upon the throne without a stroke, a stream of blood followed the usurpation of Bolingbroke which flowed with little cessation for the space of an hundred and fifty years. The torrent gushed forth immediately after the accession of Henry IV., was augmented in the reign of his son by the vital current of Cambridge and of Scroope, swelled into a flood during the civil wars between the Roses, and ceased not throughout the dominion of the Tudors, until not an object remained for that cruel jealousy, so fatally aroused by the ambitious projects of the houses of Lancaster and of York. Taught an inhuman lesson by the overthrow of Richard II., of Henry VI., of Edward V., and of Richard III., English monarchs imitated the policy of Eastern tyrants and would endure no rival, however distant to the throne. Elizabeth was only spared because she stood in the path of a stronger competitor, Mary Stuart, and Mary's life, was sacrificed when she fell into the power of one whose claim she had presumed to dispute.’

The citation of Wickliffe before the assembly of the church dignitaries, in the reign of Edward III., to answer for the doctrines which he was then promulgating against the usurped authority of the church of Rome, with the circumstances attendant on his appearance, shew the spirit of the times.

‘The patronage and support granted by the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Henry Percy (Earl Mareschal) to that enlightened preacher had enabled him to promulgate his opinions with little personal danger: but the clergy being at length scandalized and incensed at the boldness of his doctrine urged their archbishop to summon him to answer in person to the charges preferred against him. Wickliffe made his appearance at St. Paul's, accompanied by his two powerful friends and their usual retinue of armed followers: the church was already

filled by a curious multitude eager to learn the result of the meeting, and the arrival of so large a train occasioned great inconvenience. It was with considerable difficulty that the duke and his people could make their way through the throng, though they were little scrupulous respecting the means; and the Bishop of London, justly enraged to see the tumult which the struggle produced, said to the Lord Percy, “that if he had known before what mastery he would have kept in the church he would have stopped him out from coming there;” at which words of the bishop the duke, disdaining not a little, answered to the bishop again and said “that he should keep such mastery there, though he said nay.” At last, as our chronicler informs us, “with much wrestling they pierced through the crowd,” and approached the place where the bishops and barons of the realm were assembled: the Lord Percy gave the signal for hostilities by desiring Wickliffe to sit in the presence of his accusers; the Bishop of London resented the proposition, and immediately a fierce contest commenced between him and the Duke of Lancaster. The latter threatened that he would pull down the pride not only of him, but also of the prelacy of England; and the bishop answering boldly to this menace, the duke enraged beyond all bounds of decency said to the Lord Percy, loud enough to be overheard by the bystanders, “that he would rather pluck the bishop by the hair of his head out of the church than he would take this at his hand.”

‘The people, provoked by the indignity offered to their revered prelate, exclaimed, “that they would not suffer their bishop so contemptuously to be abused, but rather they would lose their lives than that he should so be drawn out by the hair;” whereupon great strife ensuing the meeting was broken up in confusion and disorder.’

In 1381, Wat Tyler's celebrated riot took place, portending such direful consequences, but which were happily frustrated by the death of the leader, followed by the undaunted courage and extraordinary presence of mind displayed by the young King Richard II.; this well known event is interestingly told. The little effect produced by the death of Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV., the deposer of Richard II., and the first Lancaster who swayed the English sceptre, with the character of his son, the celebrated Henry V., are thus briefly sketched.

‘Henry IV., lately the idol of all ranks and classes, died unregretted by his subjects; yet was the house of Lancaster so securely seated upon the throne, that his eldest son succeeded him without a single voice being raised in favour of the Earl of March, a circumstance the more remarkable since the wild follies of Harry of Monmouth's early days, had filled the nation with distrust of a prince, who, to a soldier's desperate valour added a lawless devotion to low debauchery. The scenes in Eastcheap

so faithfully delineated by Shakspeare from the authorities of the old chronicles of England are familiar to every body. The witty pranks of the prince, the loud revel which brought the sheriff with "a most monstrous watch to the door," and the dissolute courses of the heir apparent's profligate companions, although opposed to every correct idea of manners and morality, cannot fail to charm the imagination and interest it in favour of a king who so nobly redeemed the vices of his youth; yet with all our predisposition to admire the mad wag of the Boar's Head, and the gallant conqueror of Azincourt, the study of Henry's character upon the page of history whilst it dazzles us with its splendour is painful and revolting to the feelings, and we turn with horror from the cruelties which he perpetrated both abroad and at home. Nevertheless it must be admitted that Henry displayed generous and noble qualities which must always command the esteem of posterity. One of the first acts of the new king's reign restored him to the confidence of his people; he dismissed the riotous crew who had hitherto been the companions of his wanton sports, not, says Hall, though banished from his presence, unrewarded or unpreferred, and replaced them by the wise and virtuous portion of his father's court. He liberated the Earl of March from confinement and treated him rather as a friend than a rival. He restored the heir of Percy to the titles and estates of his ancestors, and endeared himself to the nation by a gracious act towards the mouldering remains of Richard II. He caused the body of that luckless prince to be removed from his obscure grave at Langley, and re-interred it with suitable pomp in a magnificent tomb by the side of his first consort Queen Ann, testifying the sincerity of his attachment to the unfortunate monarch by following the funeral procession as chief mourner.

The character and death of Cardinal Beaufort, rendered so celebrated by our immortal Shakspeare, are well drawn, and exemplifies the insufficiency of wealth and worldly aggrandizement to bring peace to the conscience or ease to the troubled spirit.

"In the short period of six weeks after the death of Gloucester, his implacable and triumphant political rival Cardinal Beaufort descended with a very different reputation to the tomb. A haughty ambitious priest, determined upon bearing sway, and little scrupulous in the means of adding to his revenues, yet liberally appropriating his riches to the service of his sovereign, he seems scarcely to have merited the obloquy which a host of writers have heaped upon his name. The proud persecuting spirit of the churchman, and his never ceasing enmity to the popular idol Gloucester, irritated the public mind so strongly against him, that the odium attached to his imputed crimes, at all times of frightful magnitude, in the Protestant days of Shakspeare sanctioned the poet's terrible delineation of a death-bed tortured with remorse; a soul hardened and hopeless, a guilty despairing wretch, who died "and made no sign." Pious according to the corrupt notions of his church, Cardinal Beaufort appears by the evidence of his chaplain to have been more tormented by the fading away of his earthly grandeur than anxious respecting his condition in another world. That he employed his power in the furtherance of personal aggrandizement rather than for the welfare of the king he served, and the country whose interests were committed to his care, is an imputation which he must

share with the statesmen of preceding and subsequent times. The errors of Beaufort's administration produced very disastrous consequences; but they were the errors of the age, and we find his successors acting upon the same principles and bringing forth the same results.

"Though reaching what is usually termed a good old age, death overtook Cardinal Beaufort before he was prepared to relinquish the ambitious hope of attaining new honours and dignities; his aspirations after worldly grandeur were intense; even at a period when men usually perceive the vanity of human wishes; he cherished expectations of ascending unrivalled to the height of power, and could scarcely believe that the immense wealth which he had accumulated should be insufficient to preserve him from the common doom; betraying his thoughts to the attendants of his dying couch, he was heard to exclaim, "Why should I die having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fye, will not death be hindered? nor will money do nothing?" Having exhausted these vain lamentations, the haughty prelate deplored the demolition of those brilliant prospects which had flattered him with the hope of engrossing the whole authority in the English cabinet, and of rising to the highest dignities of papal power. "When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel, but when I saw my other nephew of Gloucester deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived. I pray you all to pray for me." The last testament of the cardinal is couched in a strain of pious submission to the will of Heaven, too much at variance with his conduct through life, and the sentiments avowed almost at the moment of dissolution, to be considered more than common-place words, inserted in accordance with custom. The legacies he devoted to charitable purposes were magnificent, and he manifested his regard to Queen Margaret by bequeathing to her the bed of cloth of Damascus, and the arras belonging to the chamber in which she had slept at Waltham."

The amiable and conciliatory disposition of King Henry VI., ill calculating him however to reign over a country at a period when the demons of court intrigue and the high excitement of party animosity prevailed in the land, without sufficient power to repress them, is, with the death of this monarch, thus recounted:

"Henry's heart was pure and open, guileless and simple as that of a child; his virtues comprised the whole circle of the Christian charities; liberal, courteous, just, and beneficent, his benevolence was as boundless as his clemency was untiring; unaffectedly pious, every thought and action was governed by a religious principle. Never offending others, yet always ready to forgive the most flagrant insults and injuries, he fulfilled the scriptural command to the letter: and the very soul of integrity, he was never known to utter a falsehood, to forget a promise, or to stoop to the slightest equivocation. Yet all these admirable and excellent qualities were rendered nugatory by the errors of the monarch's education and the imbecility of his mind; not permitted by his tutors to form in early life an acquaintance with the world, ignorant of business, and too amiable

even to suspect the existence of vice, Henry trusted with implicit confidence to ministers of whose fitness he was not capable of forming a judgment, and with the most anxious desire to pursue the right path the weakness of his understanding continually led him astray.

"The placability of his own spirit deceived him with the delusive hope of effecting a reconciliation between the ambitious and the restless, and totally unconscious of the evils of his administration, Henry sought only to sooth the angry tempers of factious men. In the midst of regal splendour, the abstemious monarch lived a hermit's blameless life; the pleasures and temptations which surrounded the throne possessed no charms for his uncontaminated heart; he turned from vain pomp and frivolous amusements to domestic joys, and the performance of religious exercises constituted his chief delight: his time was principally employed in the perusal of pious works; constant at church, and irreproachable in his demeanour, he knelt with lowly reverence to his devotions, offering a fruitless example to the thoughtless courtiers in his train, who were wont to sit down or walk about with careless indifference during the service.

"Henry interposed his authority to prevent the admission of swords and spears into an edifice consecrated to a God of peace, nor would he allow it to be made the scene of worldly business or idle conversation; he loved to inculcate those virtues which he practised himself with such undeviating rectitude, more especially to the young, and addressed mild but earnest exhortations to his visitors to avoid evil and to live in accordance with the holy precepts of their religion. Strictly chaste himself, he was shocked by any deviation from propriety in dress or conduct in females, and turned away from some lightly attired damsels at a ball, with a strog expression of disapprobation, "Fie, fie, for shame. Forsooth, ye be to blame."

"Willingly Henry would not have permitted the loss of a single life upon the scaffold. Learning that one of his household had been robbed, he gave him twenty nobles as a remuneration, advising him to be careful of his property in future, and with perhaps ill-judged humanity requesting that he would not prosecute the thief; nor was he less merciful to aggressions which concerned himself, he sent pardons, with anxious haste, to those whom he was allowed to save, though about to suffer for treason; and horror-struck by the sight of a mangled quarter of some hapless wretch impaled upon a stake at Cripplegate, he exclaimed, "Take it away, I will not have any Christian so cruelly treated on my account!" Conscientiously abstaining from the bold language of his more daring companions, Henry never suffered the oaths uttered by licentious nobles in his presence to pass uncensured, and holding the vain distinctions of dress in contempt, he was plain in his apparel, and averse to the parade and ostentation displayed by men proud of their rank, he expressed his displeasure at the violent knockings on his door when a great lord came to visit him.

"Henry was a warm encourager of learning. King's College, at Cambridge, and the public school at Eton, remain illustrious monuments of his love of science; the magnificent plan of the former was left unfinished, in consequence of the troubles occurring in the founder's unhappy reign; but he had the pleasure of seeing the nursery for this college, which he had instituted at Eton, rise under his paternal direction. Fond of the conversation of the young and in-

nocent, the king took delight in talking to the scholars when they came over to the neighbouring castle at Windsor, on visits to any of his servants; upon these occasions he condescended to instruct them in their pious and moral duties, nor did he send his admiring auditors empty handed away, a present of money accompanied the homily, and he dismissed them with this gentle exhortation: "Be good lads, meek and docile, and attend to your religion."—Apprehensive that the example of profligate nobles would counteract these precepts, Henry was unwilling to see the young students at his court.

'Ill calculated to meet the exigencies of the times, and unhappily linked to an imperious woman, who, in releasing him from the control of his guardians, subjected him to more dangerous dependance, Henry, warmly attached to his subjects, anxious for their welfare, and without a single crime alleged against him, lost the national affection, the two crowns which his gallant forefathers had won, and finally his own life; falling a victim either to unconquerable distress of mind or to the dagger of the assassin.

'The king's remains were conveyed to Saint Paul's church, and exposed, according to custom for one day, that the people might satisfy themselves of the truth of his decease; they were afterwards interred with little solemnity at Chertsey, the sum expended upon the deposed monarch's funeral amounting only to £33. 6s. 8d., which included the fees to torch-bearers and priests, the Holland cloth and spices which enveloped the body, the pay of two soldiers, from Calais, employed to watch the corpse, the barges to Chertsey, and £8. 12s. 3d. distributed in charity.'

We had marked so many interesting passages, during our progress through the important periods of which this history treats, that our extracts have already extended to a greater length than ordinary, we must therefore defer some interesting details contained in the second volume to our next number.

Shaksperiana. Catalogue of all the Books, Pamphlets, &c. relating to Shakspeare. To which are subjoined, an Account of the early quarto editions of the Great Dramatist's Plays and Poems, the prices at which many copies have sold in public sales; together with a list of the leading and esteemed editions of Shakspeare's collected works. 12mo. London, 1827. J. WILSON.

SHAKSPEARE—the transcendent Shakspeare, has been lauded on all hands; yet who has suffered more, and this in consequence of the great estimation in which he has been held? Writers in abundance have palmed upon him their own productions, and painters have been eager to catch the unwary; while others have been as ready to employ their minds and pens in the discovery of what can never be discovered, and in settling what can never be settled. But lately, Mr. Wivell called the public attention to his 'Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakspeare Portraits,' in which, though he communicates some particulars which may tend to the detection of forgeries, yet, after all, he does not greatly help us to the invention of truth. Without doubt, the most useful book, is the small volume now before us; in it the reader has all the information he can well

desire, and it will prove a guide against deception, and to the knowledge of works connected with those of our great dramatist. He will find, also, a list of all the books relating to the forgery of Ireland, &c.

We are tempted to append to this notice, an abstract of the famous bellows portrait of Shakspeare, showing so well, how men are taken in, and willing to take one another in.

'A gentleman, long resident in Paris, and who was powerfully imbibed with a love of Shaksperian lore, became acquainted with a brother Englishman, who, although conversant with ancient manuscripts, books, &c., was only desirous of reaping pecuniary benefit from speculating in such merchandize. During their frequent interviews, the name of Shakspeare was often brought upon the tapis, when the value of an original picture of the poet, in case such a gem could be procured, was frequently dwelt upon by the first mentioned gentleman. The latter, ever on the alert for pecuniary benefit, soon wrote to his friend:—

"Apropos, of portraits, I have just received a letter from a French gentleman in Normandy offering me a curious original portrait (a bust) of your own Will Shakspeare. The identity is authenticated beyond all question, by the name mentioned in the legend, carved in old English of the time, on the antique oaken frame.

"Report says, it was brought into France by Sir Kenelm Digby, (afterwards Earl of Bristol) in the time of Charles the First. Price asked, is a thousand francs (forty-one pounds;) and as this oil painting is known to be the portrait of Shakspeare, less will not be taken."

The gentleman, having been long resident at Paris, and ignorant of the frauds already practised, renewed his desire, adding, that could he be satisfied respecting its originality, he should feel happy in purchasing such an invaluable relic. Soon an answer arrived:—

"I am obliged to you for your letter, offering me eighty pounds sterling for the Shakspeare portrait. It is unquestionably an original painting of the time, from the description given me. The oaken frame is the one half of the exterior of an immense pair of bellows, formerly belonging to Queen Elizabeth. The legend—

"WHOME HAVE WE HERE,"
"STUCKE ONNE THE BELLOWES?"!!!
"THATTE PRYNCE OF GOODE FELLOWES,"
"WILLIE SHAKSPERE."
"OH! CURSTE UNTOWARDE LUCKE,"
"TO BE THUS MEANLIE STUCKE."
"POINS."
"NAYE, RATHER GLORIOUS LOTTE"
"TO HYMME ASSYGN'D,"
"WHO, LYKE TH' ALMIGHTIE RYDES"
"THE WYNGES OTH' WYNDE."
"PYSTOLLE."

Upon the arrival of the picture, it presented a very feasible portrait, but in a mahogany frame, which latter circumstance created some degree of doubt. This was removed by a reference to authorities, from which it appeared that that timber had been introduced into England about the period when the portrait, if original, must have been executed.

'The above poetical effusions are laboriously carved in the wood; and at the extremity of the frame, on either side, are represented wings, which, when coupled with the motion that takes place in blowing a fire, renders the last line, as attributed to Pistol, a very passable effort at wit.

'All persons conversant with Droeshout's head of Shakspeare, must recollect the unusually lofty and capacious bald forehead; now, in this performance, it was obvious there had been much repainting on that part of the picture; and the gentleman, prior to purchasing, wished to have the forehead cleared of such re-paint;—the stipulation, however, not being complied with, it was understood between the parties, that if, upon cleaning, any imposition became apparent, the purchase was to be null and void.

'As a long history had been promised, identifying the portrait as having belonged to Sir Kenelm Digby, and showing the manner in which it had passed into the hands of the French gentleman at Caen, frequent applications were made for the same. The vendor finding it impossible to evade these incessant inquiries, confessed that the picture really came from London, having been sold with an immense quantity of rubbish found in some lumber-rooms at Carlton Palace. It since appears, however, that the original history told in London respecting this bellows relic was, its having belonged to the Boar's Head public-house, in Eastcheap; but that tale was not recapitulated in the French capital.

'We now approach the fatal *denouement* of this affair. The gentleman who had possessed himself of the portrait, in order to ascertain its originality, placed the same in the hands of Monsieur Ribet, residing on the Quai de la Ferraille, at Paris; who may be justly esteemed one of the best cleaners and repairers of old pictures now living. When, two days after, speeding on the wings of anxious expectancy, to ascertain the result, conceive the shock experienced on being told that, instead of Shakspeare, his portrait was not even that of a male, but the representation of an old woman! In short, on applying the fatal cotton, dipped in the ingredient necessary to clear off the re-paint and dirt, away had vanished the broad, high, procreative front of Avon's bard; the brown mustaches and expanded ruff having given place, like magic, to a cap decorated with blue ribbons, and a lip unadorned by whiskers, while a kerchief became apparent, modestly overspreading the matronly bosom.

'This discovery being made, it became necessary to think of returning the bellows-concern to the vendor; and, in consequence, the following letter was forwarded to London:—

"I sit down to write the present in a state of mental perturbation it is impossible for me to describe, and in which I am confident you will partake, on perusal of what follows; but, in order that you may not remain in suspense, I hereby advertise you to see the scoundrel instantly who sold you the portrait passed off as that of Shakspeare, as it is the dearest fraud and robbery ever committed; since, in lieu of being the poet, it is not even a man, but the resemblance of a woman! You have your remedy at law, as never was a more scandalous fraud committed. The bellows and poetic accompaniments are all fabricated auxiliaries, to pass off the deception; and as to the re-paint, M. Ribet will make oath that the whole was of a recent date. The purchase intended to be made by me, was a picture of Shakspeare, and not that of a woman's head painted upon. You can insist on the restitution of your purchase-money; as regards myself, the picture is not worth five shillings. "I am, &c."

'Fully satisfied with the apparent favourable result of the first picture speculation, the vendor of old bellows covers occupied himself in Lon-

don with making fresh researches for Shaksperian portraits, and it so happened, that at the very juncture when the above communication was travelling to London, a letter from the latter capital was on its way to Paris:—

"I am promised the particulars of your Shakspeare portrait in a day or two. The gentleman is unfortunately a little way out of town. The account has been written, and promised to the editor of *The Literary Chronicle*, for publication; but I have begged it may not be printed, as that might injure any intended pamphlet.

"I should not have written to you now so soon, had I not to inform you, that I have been so fortunate as to purchase another Shakspeare portrait. A miniature—a gem!—in a most curiously carved frame of the time; and what makes it more valuable, with an inscription of about fourteen lines of poetry by Ben Jonson; and signed by him, "Thyne owne Ben Jonson:"!! I thought it right to apprise you of this acquisition immediately, as it may govern you in the disposal of your own. The inscription on the latter is not in basso-relievo, as on yours, but equally, or, perhaps, more legible. If you write on the subject, I must get you to give a page or two of description to mine.

"My price, for the latter portrait, to you, 1250 francs, (more than fifty pounds sterling) prompt! If I keep it, I shall expect one hundred guineas for it at least."

"The lines ran as follow:—

"Ah, haplesse, happie youthe, whose luckie faulte,"

"Did banysh thee to fortune and to fame;"

"Hadst thou ne'er fled Grimme Law's assaulte,"

"Had the worlde echo'd with a Shakspeare's name."

"Butte for thy tryck of youth so wylde,"

"Had we ne'er known thee fancy's chylde,"

"Butte for the buck's delicious haunch,"

"With which thou went to glutt thy paunch."

"Had Tragyeck, Comicke, or Historick Muse"

"E'er charmed the Brytish Throne,"

"We must not, nay we cannot chuse,"

"Butte saye to naughtie appetyte,"

"To thee we owe oure soules delyghte,"

"To thee the pray'r belongs."

"Thyne"

"Owe"

"B. Jonson."

"Had no discovery respecting the first portrait taken place, this speedy notification of a second picture of Shakspeare, would have opened the eyes of the purchaser of the former. However, a letter soon after arrived, wherein it was stated, that the old woman on the bellows top would be taken back, providing the whole was put in *statu quo*; that is to say, a lofty forehead introduced to conceal her cap, while the beard, ruff, and male costume were to be re-painted, restoring the bard to all his pristine glory. This task M. Ribet accordingly undertook, and he so far outvalled Zinke, that it was absolutely impossible for a considerable time to perceive any re-painting had taken place.

"The fabrication having been so completely re-produced by M. Ribet, the bellows cover was once more set in play, so adroitly, as to be presented to the late justly celebrated Talma, the French tragedian, who swallowed the bait, and became proprietor of the property for the sum of two hundred pounds. M. Talma, as fully impressed with a veneration for our bard as any Englishman could have been, and duly appreciating the value of the supposed relic, for which he had paid so liberally, bestowed

upon it a sumptuous decoration, lined with velvet, the whole being enclosed in a mahogany case.

"Previous to his death, he was, on more occasions than one, made acquainted with the spurious origin of his picture, which he would not, however, credit until a short time before his final illness. On the disposal of that gentleman's property, all the Parisian fashionables attended, the grand object of attraction being the bellows picture. During the sale, it was stated, that the painter was a Flemish artist, of the name of Porbus; that M. Talma had refused a thousand Napoleons for the portrait; and that on one occasion, when the tragedian had been visited by Mr. Charles Lambe, the latter being shown the picture, fell upon his knees, and kissed it with idolatrous veneration. This dexterous forgery was knocked down at three thousand one hundred francs, about one hundred and thirty pounds sterling; and, by way of terminating this singular history, has been transported to London by the unfortunate acquirer, who conceives himself possessed of the only authentic likeness of Shakspeare, for which he expects an exorbitant sum of money.

"Having before mentioned that another miniature, with lines by Ben Jonson, had been announced, we have further to add, that the performance adverted to, as well as the lines annexed, proved of Mr. Zinke's manufacture. This and the bellows hoax were originally sold by that artist to Mr. Foster, the well-known dealer in curiosities, who in the first instance disposed of this bellows cover to the English gentleman from Paris, for the mediocre sum of five guineas; not palming it off for an original, but a mere modern antique, intended as a memento of the bard."

A Treatise on English Versification. By the Rev. WILLIAM CROWE, Public Orator of the University of Oxford. Post 8vo. pp. 334. London, 1827. Murray.

MR. CROWE, of whose volume of poems we took some notice in a former number, had sent into the world, preparatory, we suppose, to the poetical exemplifications of his system, this little volume of critical institutes of the metrical portion of the poet's art. Whether the poems are in accordance with the rules, and how much benefit his imaginative inspirations have derived from his rhythmical theory, are questions we will leave to the decision of those of our readers who may think fit to peruse and compare the two publications. Our present business is to give some account of the Treatise.

In his introduction, after noticing the loose and incoherent numbers, in which some poets of high name in the present day have indulged, as a reason why 'a more systematic English prosody than has hitherto been made public,' is at this time desirable, lest 'we might relapse again into ignorance of true poetical measures; and the art "to build the lofty rhyme" might fall into disuse and be forgotten,'—Mr. Crowe proceeds 'to give some short account of the principal writers who have already treated on the subject of English prosody,' commencing with 'William Webbe, who published a Discourse of English Poetry, in 1586, and terminating with William Mitford, who, in 1804, sent forth 'An Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language, and of the Mechanism of

Verse.' Why some authors who, since that time, have written and published upon the same subject, and even in a more elementary way, are passed over in silence, may, perhaps, be conjectured from the circumstance, that some others, who, like those entirely omitted, have taken a very different view of the subject from that upheld by Mr. Crowe, are passed over so lightly, that little more than their names and title pages are announced to us.

As this account of previous writers upon versification amounts to little more than a brief *catalogue raisonné*, we shall not attempt to give any abridgment of what is already so much abridged. Nor shall we enter historically into any particular notice of the notions those former writers entertained; for the opinions of our present author must be examined upon their own merits, and not upon the grounds of the antiquity of their first promulgation, or the authorities by which they have been repeated. Thus if Mr. Crowe chooses to maintain that the feet, or primitive portions of our English metres are constituted upon an entirely different principle from those of the classical languages, not in the selection and arrangement only of those feet, but in their very nature, the doctrine is neither more nor less satisfactory because Mr. William Webbe affirmed, two hundred and forty years ago, that 'our words' (with reference to their prosodial qualities) 'are nothing resemblant in nature' to those of the Greek and Latin languages; and if Mr. C. choose also to maintain (p. 200) that 'of the first eight syllables' in the following line of Pope's 'not one is short,

'Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main,'

the accuracy and taste of the pronunciation that would render them *all* long, is not a wit the less disputable, because the same writer had also stated 'that he found most of our monosyllables to be long.' So, likewise, if Mr. Crowe chooses to maintain that our heroic measures are composed exclusively of dissyllabic feet, the dogma will be neither the less nor the more true, because Gascoigne, in 1587, 'speaks of no other feet, as entering into verse, than those of two syllables; of which, says he, "the first is depressed, or short; the second, elevate, or long." It was no more in Gascoigne's power, in the sixteenth century, than it is in Mr. Crowe's, in the nineteenth, to determine what should be, or should not be a foot, either in metrical or in animal organization. If there be not something in the nature of the thing which determines *per se*, what it is that, by clear analogy, constitutes a foot in the one case as well as the other, it is high time to cast the word out of our prosodial dictionary; or to leave the anatomist at liberty to say that a wrist and an elbow, or a nose and a chin may be called a foot, as well as a heel and toe. Our opinion upon this part of the subject before us, has, however, been already so far explained in the second part of our review of Conybeare's *Saxon Poetry* (*Literary Chronicle*, No. 417,) that we have no occasion to devote our columns exclusively to it in the present instance.

Neither would the truth of the following statement have been less satisfactory to our minds, if it had originated with the public orator of the university of Oxford in 1827, than it is as promulgated by the poet Samuel Daniel, in the eminently poetic age of Queen Elizabeth—'that English verse' (true sterling English verse) 'hath number, measure and harmony, in the best proportion of music:' and we confess that the truth (and truth it is) is not rendered at all the more clear to us, either by the metrical scheme of Mr. Crowe, or the following assumed data and mode of reasoning, by which Daniel seems to have arrived at the conclusion. 'As Greek and Latin verse consists of number and quantity of syllables, so doth English verse of measure and accent; and though it doth not strictly observe long and short syllables, yet it most religiously respects the accent; and as the short and the long make number, so the acute and grave accent yield harmony, and harmony is likewise number.'

How harmony can be number, or number harmony, we confess neither old Daniel nor Mr. Crowe have enabled our dull faculty to comprehend; though without number—understood, as we understand it, in a musical sense (i.e. metrical proportion in the feet, or cadences) we are ready to admit (though one of Mr. Crowe's oracles, Mr. Mitford, absolutely denies it) that there can be no harmony; any more than there can be a house without a foundation, though the foundation is not the house. Mr. Crowe, indeed, by his mode of dividing the feet of the English verse, throws proportion entirely out of the question; and Mr. Mitford affirms that melody is perfectly independent of measure and may exist without it—'witness,' says he, 'the song of birds.' We, however, maintain that the versification of Milton will bear the test of the time-beater, and that the lark and the nightingale are excellent time-ists, whose cadences, however varied, will be found by the accurately perceptive ear as true as those of the most accomplished musician. Without proportion, we know not how a truly musical ear can be gratified; and, if the observation apply not to our poetry, we know not how English verse can be said to have 'number, measure, and harmony.'

With respect to the still farther misapplication of the terms acute and grave, to the pulsative and the remiss syllable in this passage, it is not necessary for us here to speak; for in this Mr. Crowe does not follow exactly his predecessors. These he knows to be perfectly distinct qualities, and satisfying himself with the mere distinctions, or pretended distinctions of accented and unaccented, seems to be fully aware that his accented syllable is not necessarily acute (nor is it, indeed, most frequently so) nor his unaccented necessarily grave.

With respect to our English verse (we mean of course in the practice of our best poets) 'not strictly observing long and short syllables;' if by this be only meant what Mr. Crowe seems to demand in what he would call a regular heroic verse (which he supposes to be an iambic measure)—namely that the quantities should keep the same

stated intervals with what he calls the accent, the accented syllable always long, the unaccented always short—in other words, that there should be a regular alternation of a short and a long, a short and a long throughout the line, it is true that such a monotonous mode of keeping up the proportions of the feet has not been *felt* to be necessary in English versification; and it is an essential part of the grace and excellence of our verse that it has not been: it being no more essential to the rhythmical proportion of poetic numbers than of music, that notes of similar lengths should always appear in the same part of every succeeding bar.

Before we quit this part of the subject, let us, however, do Mr. Crowe the justice to say that he does not maintain that our syllables have no efficient or distinguishing qualities but accented or unaccented, or that our versification is totally regardless of quantity, properly so called—though, at the same time, we confess that according to his mode of scanning, we are perfectly at a loss to conceive how any thing that can be called quantity or proportion is to be made out or accounted for.

'Syllables,' says he, (p. 56) 'have a four-fold difference: some are long, either accented, as holy, or unaccented, as consent; others are short, either accented, as, refer, or unaccented, as habit. There are some who will think these observations on quantity might have been spared, because they maintain that quantity has no concern whatever with English versification, but that it depends entirely upon accent. I trust that such an opinion will be sufficiently disproved in the following pages; where it will be shown that quantity cannot be altogether neglected without manifest and great injury to the verse. But if the question be put, whether verse cannot be composed without any regard to the quantity of syllables, so that the accents be set in their due places; it is to be acknowledged that it may.'

That we have plenty of such *bad* verses we do not dispute. Nay we have a school of poetry, at this time, in which every idea of any regard to quantity, and almost every thing else that we should regard as constituent of poetic rhythmus seems to be held in utter contempt. But when Mr. Crowe proceeds to say, 'Still the verse would have juster measure, would sound better to the ear, and be much nearer to perfect, if the accented syllables were long, and others short, so that the quantity and accent should coincide,' we must enter our protest at once against the exaction of such a mode of adjusting the quantities. At this rate what would be the proportion of perfect lines in the *Paradise Lost*,—upon the 'true musical delight' of which, attained by 'apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out,' Mr. Crowe bestows such high and just commendation in his concluding chapter? We open, as chance directs, in the ninth book at the speech of Adam—

Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve.—V. 291.

and have to read through fifty-four lines to meet with two examples—

And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.—V. 341.

Or aught that might his happy state secure.—V. 347.

And even these are somewhat ambiguous, for the syllable *were* is more frequently pronounced short (*wer*) than long; and the *cæ-sura*, or grammatical pause after Eden, would preserve the quantity if it were so; and the syllable *no*, claiming, as it stands, the emphasis of antithesis, would so become both long, and what Mr. C. calls accented. And in the other line, we should suppose, upon Mr. C.'s theory of quantity, (as far as we can understand it,) that would by him be called long. But not to instance those bolder varieties, in which feet of three and even of four syllables (as we maintain,) are mingled, is not the measure (i.e. the sense of proportion in due pronunciation,) just as well preserved in such lines as the following?

As not secure to single" or cōmbin'd.—V. 323.

In narrow circuit straiten'd" by a foe.—V. 323.

In B. x. vv. 82, 83, we have

Those two: the third best absent is condemn'd:

Convict by flight, and rebel to all law.

In the first of which there is a long syllable three times, in what is called the unaccented place; and in the other twice. In short, such an arrangement as Mr. C. here demands for that 'juster measure,' which is to 'sound better on the ear,' would throw us into that very monotony which he *rejects* (p. 26) the doctrine of Dr. Pemberton for demanding; and censures both him and Mr. Tyrwhitt (p. 27) for accusing Milton with negligence for not adhering to.

It is but justice, however, to let Mr. Crowe illustrate his own idea of this *juster measure* and *better sound*. 'Take an example,' says he,—

'The busy world and what you see,
It is a silly vanity.'

'In this couplet,' he says, 'the first line has its accents regular in place and number, together with three long syllables. The second line is accented regularly as to place, but it contains only two accented syllables and not one long. It cannot be denied that these verses are true and exact measure; (how the *measure* can be exact if the *quantities* are imperfect, we confess ourselves not to be geometers enough to understand! However, Mr. Crowe assures us that it cannot be denied;) 'and, if accent alone be requisite, they are in nothing defective. But now,' says he, (for it must be confessed that our author seems to be quite as fond of mending as he is of detecting faults,) 'let them be altered so as to observe quantity as well as accent, in this manner:—

'The gaudy world, whate'er you see,
Is all an empty show to me.'

There is something curious in this way of mending, it must be confessed: something like the tinkering, that while it mends one hole makes another. It is true, indeed, that *gaudy* gives us a long and a short, where *busy* gave us two short syllables; but does Mr. Crowe mean to contend that the syllable *what*, which, as it stood in the former couplet, makes one of his three *long* syllables, becomes *short* in his own line?—shorter than the syllable *and*, which it supplants? That this amended couplet, altogether, will please the unsophisticated ear as well as the original, we confess ourselves to be very doubtful. But sure we are that its character is entirely

changed, from the mercurial to a phlegmatic, or hypochondriacal temperament. And we think, if Mr. C. had not mistaken the character of the rhythm in the former instance, which to us appears to be intended altogether to run in a quick movement, he would have found the quantities not quite so irregular as he has imagined:—

Thē | būy | wōrld | , "ānd | whāt yōu | sēe, |
It is ā | sēilly | vān'ry. |

The syllable *what*, though not of necessity an actually short, is, nevertheless, not actually long; but rather of that common quantity, which readily accommodates itself to the general measure, and to the accidents of association: and the only two syllables in the couplet that are really long, stand in their respective cadences alone; so that the momentum is quick throughout, and the proportions are not obviously broken.

To those of our readers who remember the doctrines advanced by us in the article before alluded to, on the Anglo-Saxon poetry, it will be unnecessary for us to repeat, that we deny altogether Mr. Crowe's method of scanning or dividing the feet; and that we no less deny the position that we have no feet in the English language but those of two and of three syllables, and of the latter only the dactyle and the anapest. The reasoning by which (p. 62) the second part of this position is maintained, is a little curious. 'If the amphibrachys,' we are told, 'had been a foot by which any English verse ought to be measured, there would have been entire poems in that measure, or, at least, poems wherein verses of that measure predominated; but there are none such, nor does a line, measurable by that foot, ever occur, except accidentally among a much greater number of anapestic ones*.'

Except accidentally, &c. Surely one would think, that if such feet occur, whether *accidentally* or *designedly*, we have them; though we are ready to admit, that what Mr. C., in his mode of footmaking, would call an amphibrac, (and so of several others,) would be no foot at all, in this, or in any language. But as for our having no entire poems in that measure; *neither* are we aware that there are any poems in any language composed entirely of pæons, or of any of the other specific four-syllable feet, the existence (or, as he states it, *adoption*) of which, in our language, he utterly denies. Nor can we very well understand what is meant by a line being measurable by an amphibrachic foot. The standard measure of a foot, we should conceive, consisted in its entire or aggregate quantity, and not in the relative proportions of the minuter parts of which it is composed; as the bars of a piece of music may agree in their proportionate measure throughout, though every successive bar should differ in the component mixture of minims, crotchets, quavers, semi-quavers, &c. So do our best poets, in their verses, maintain the regularity of their metrical proportions in the midst of the diversity

* *Ones!*—anapestic ones! This substantive common and universal, ever since Mr. Southey introduced such a parcel of ONES into his *Kehamah*, has become such a common-place, that a sentence can scarcely be concluded without it. Why such a 'number of anapestics?'—What occasion for any thing more?

of their feet. Take, as an example, of the triple measure in the first stanza of Burns's beautiful specimen of rhythmical pathos, *The Chevalier's Lament*:—

Thē | smāll-bīrds rē | jōice īn thē | grēen jēāves rē | tūrnīng, |
Tbē | mūrūrīng | strēāmlet wīnds | clēar thro' thē | vāle ;" |
Thē | hāwthōrn-trēes | blōw īn thē | dēws of the | mōrnīng, |
And | wīld-scātter'd | cōwalīps bē | deck thē swēet | dāle. |

Here we have not, indeed, any amphibrachys. It would not have agreed with the pathos of the theme; but we have *antibrachis*, *ductyle*, *molossus*, *amphimacer*, used indifferently in the successive feet. And in the very next line we have anapests:—

But | whāt cān gīve | pleāsūre or | whāt cān sēm | fāir ? |

As also at the beginning of the last stanza, where the emphasis of antithesis, dictated by the sense, gives quantity to the pronoun *my*.

But | 'tīs nōt my | sufferīngs, &c.

It would require a nicety of musical notation, for which our typography is not prepared, to mark out to the eye all the fractional differences in the composition of the respective feet, by which the aggregate proportions are preserved throughout in these beautiful lines; but he who cannot perceive and feel the exquisite truth of those proportions, in a natural pronunciation of the whole, let him never pretend to that nice perception of musical proportion that can estimate the value of correct time-keeping in the performance of an overture or concerto.

We have not space (nor is it necessary) to follow our author through his successive chapters, of the licenses in poetic measures; and of the combinations of verses, good and bad combinations, &c. suffice it to say, that upon these subjects there is as much that is correct and judicious, as the primitive error in the principle upon which the feet are to be divided and scanned would permit. To these follow no less than six chapters, occupying seventy pages of this little volume, upon the qualities, varieties, defects, and applications of rhymes; in which the author shows his good taste, and, with few exceptions, correct judgment in that part of his subject; as he does also in his chapters on alliteration and on the hiatus, though he ventures upon the latter, to differ, in some degree, from Pope and Dryden, and to show that they, in practice, differed from themselves. On the cæsural pause, however, his system of denying the trisyllabic and other varieties of feet, prevents him from being as lucid and instructive as he might have been, since the intermixture of monosyllabic and polysyllabic, with the dissyllabic feet, in our heroic measure especially, constitutes several of the most graceful and effective means of marking the cæsura. With much of what he says in his chapter on imitative harmony we must agree with him also; and we certainly should not stop short of the extent to which he carries the estimation of the capabilities of our poetical language and numbers in this respect; but should even dissent from the dogmas of Dr. Johnson on this topic further than Mr. Crowe has done, and find this high and especial grace in some instances, where, owing to his mode of scanning and reading we presume, and his occasionally erroneous mode of estimating quantities, he thinks he discovers the re-

verse. See p. 200, where he adopts the criticism of Johnson, on Pope's description of Camilla, and attempts what he thinks an amendment, or rather a better specimen. Our author's doctrine of elisions we must also totally reject; for we maintain that in Milton, and all our best versifiers, the apparently, or numerically, redundant syllables are introduced not that the vowels may be cut off, and the consonants clashed together; but that, like the redundant notes occasionally inserted in the bars of music, they are placed there as expressive graces, which, when properly managed by the reader, enrich the harmony, as much as the elision would degrade it. Upon dramatic verse in particular, and upon blank verse in general, upon its fitness being the highest and most perfect style of verse in our language, and its exclusive fitness for the highest order of epic poetry; and upon all that his mode of accounting for our prosody and rythmus permitted him to say upon the music of the *Paradise Lost*, we must agree with the author of this treatise also. Indeed the wonder is how upon such imperfect premises as Mr. Crowe assumes, he could have brought himself to so unqualified an admission of the unrivalled and 'distinguished eminence' of our immortal and more than epic bard, 'in this the highest species of English versification.' But Mr. Crowe's ear must be better than his system; and he must read the *Paradise Lost* better than he scans it, or he would never have made the discovery.

The Humble Address of John Lowe, late Sergeant in the Second Battalion of the 95th Regiment, to the Duke of Wellington. 8vo. pp. 62. London, 1827. Davis.

THIS memorial, on account of a distressed old soldier, was written to the Duke of Wellington, while he was commander-in-chief, and was forwarded by Major Torrens, to R. Neave, Esq., at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea; who returned for answer, that the petitioner was not entitled to a higher rate of pension than he at present receives, (sixpence per day,) either on account of services or disability. We certainly do not admire the manner of the reverend advocate of the cause of this brave man, nor can we, as the book is published for the benefit of John Lowe, detail the interesting facts of his narrative, lest we should injure its sale; it shows, however, how unprofitable a calling is the life of a British private soldier. Ever active in service, foremost in dangerous enterprise, and fated to survive many serious wounds, John Lowe is now retired from the service, (upon the pension aforesaid,) and follows his calling, that of a shoemaker, at Lamberherst, in Kent. From the disabilities of a shattered hand, and a chain-shot having passed through his body, he has considerable difficulty in procuring the necessaries of life, and it must be lamented that the rules of the army do not admit of his receiving greater pecuniary relief. We cannot conclude this notice without giving some account of the sufferings of this poor fellow at Waterloo:—

"I was the right-hand man (Captain Le Blanc only excepted) of four companies of the

95th, which, with two companies of the 52nd on our left, and I know not whether to add or not some of the 71st, brigaded with us, were advancing, in chain order, in double quick time, up a slight ascent, to the guns, distant, it may be, one hundred or two hundred yards. The field officer directing us had given the word of command—"right shoulders forward!" which we were obeying, and which was meant to cause us to surround and take the guns, when I saw one or more traverse, and instantly received my wound. I moved several paces before I fell, and was, even then, able to elevate my head, by resting on my hands, sufficiently to witness the success of my comrades. I had not an opportunity of speaking to Captain Le Blanc again till the day of the reduction of the battalion in 1819, when he sent for me to his room, and, among other matters, nearly thus addressed me,—"You were severely wounded at Waterloo, were you not?" "Yes!" "I saw you fall! and is it not surprising I escaped quite unhurt?" The escape of Captain Le Blanc was indeed surprising, for that discharge of grape, I afterwards learnt, had swept down many near me, and was computed, I believe, when added to some minor salutes in the same advance, to have killed or wounded altogether fifty of the 95th.

"Upon the capture of the guns, my attention was turned to the cause of my being on the ground, and I took one posture, and then wreathed into another, the blood flowing at first in a stream, but afterwards less profusely. It occurred to me, at this juncture, that, if I could unloose my knapsack, and get it under my head, I should make a load, which I felt becoming very irksome, contribute to my ease. This operation, to one in my condition, was a matter of no small difficulty; and, when accomplished, was unproductive of the expected benefit, for it caused my wound to bleed afresh, and I had, with equal difficulty, to rid myself of my pillow."

Thus he remained two nights, till, he says,—

"On the morning of the third day, my attention was engaged by the footsteps and voices of two men passing hastily by my couch; a spot, I should say, somewhat hidden by the rising ground from the rest of the field, which did not appear to have been the sleeping place of many before I fell, and therefore probably had occasioned but little search. These men would, I doubt not, have passed by me; but I made a shift to raise my arm, when they turned to afford me their aid. They were the two Hanoverians mentioned in my narrative. One immediately took up my knapsack, whilst both, fixing a hand, this to my right, and that to my left arm-pit, raised me up, and attempted to support, and lead me along, not readily discerning the nature of my wound."

"My journey from Waterloo to Brussels, over not very smooth roads, in a waggon, is an occurrence so like to what follows most engagements, that it will be superfluous to state it caused me many an additional ache. But how shall I now speak of the pleasure mixed up with so much pain! how relate what, without a Waterloo medal or sixpence per diem, was almost a recompence for all that had passed! how shall I express the gratitude I owe—not to Hanoverian, or British soldiers, rough nurses at best, when attempting to be most kind—or to surgeons desirous to probe so as to produce the fewest starts and groans—but to the inhabitants of Brussels—I mean especially to those of the female sex! when I have to state that our wag-

gon halted, at the entrance of that city, in order to admit some such foreign ladies, who, with the tenderest concern imaginable, had prepared to administer to the wants of the wounded! Our waggon halted, and I, who, after a long forced march on the 17th, slept in a field of wet rye, more like a watercress in the bed of a rivulet, than one entitled to be called, by the luxurious, comfortably a bed; I, who, after such a nap, rose full early, lost my breakfast, and soon went hard to work, being not far off the first gun that fired,—now skirmishing quite round Hougomont—now employed here—now manœuvring there; I, who kept the field so long, and so uncomfortably, punched through as completely as any old shoe I have since operated upon; I, who had eagerly asked for water, but could not obtain it, in either hospital; and who had tasted nothing but a few drops of gin, which perhaps had but increased my thirst; received a delicious sweet cake, and a cup of as delicious chocolate, (think what a meal!) from the hand of one of these fair preservers, whilst all fed me by compassionate exclamations, smiles, and cheers! I will call them preservers! as to their interference, more than to any thing else, I attribute the prolongation of my life; for, after all previous aid, though my spirits were not apt to be cast down, and victory here tended to keep them up, I was quite faint in body, very far gone indeed! Nor did this unlooked-for assistance, this indulgence, beyond what can be excepted in an hospital, end here; it lasted, in a variety of forms, during the whole of the time I remained at Brussels."

MONTGOMERY'S PELICAN ISLAND.

(Concluded from p. 506.)

WE now present our readers with the promised extract, relative to the endeavours of an old patriarch, to discover the unknown God:—

'He was a chieftain of renown; from youth
To green old age, the glory of his tribe,
The terror of their enemies; in war
An Alexander, and in peace an Alfred.'

'But 'twas the hero's mind that made him
great;

His eye, his lip, his hand, were clothed with
thunder:

Thrones, crowns, and sceptres give not more
ascendence,

Back'd with arm'd legions, fortified with tow-
ers,

Than this imperial savage, all alone,
From Nature's pure beneficence derived.

Yet, when the hey-day of hot youth was over,
His soul grew gentle as the halcyon breeze,
Sent from the evening sea to bless the shore,
After the fervours of a tropic noon;

Nor less benign his influence than fresh show-
ers

Upon the fainting wilderness, where bands
Of pilgrims, bound for Mecca, with their cam-
els,

Lie down to die together in despair,
When the deceitful *mirage*, that appear'd
A pool of water trembling in the sun,
Hath vanish'd from the bloodshot eye of thirst.'

'To him,

It was not given to rest at any height;
The thoughts that travel to eternity
Already had begun their pilgrimage,
Which time, nor change, nor life, nor death,
could stop.'

'The gods whom his deluded countrymen
Acknowledged, were no gods to him; he
scorn'd

The impotence of skill that carved such figures,
And pitied the fatuity of those,
Who saw not in the abortions of their hands
The abortions of their minds.—'Twas the Cre-
ator

He sought through every volume open to him,
From the small leaf that holds an insect's web,
From which ere long a colony shall issue,
With wings and limbs as perfect as the eagle's,
To the stupendous ocean, that gives birth
And nourishment to everlasting millions
Of creatures, great and small, beyond the power
Of man to comprehend how they exist.'

'Thus, while he walk'd along that peaceful
valley,

Though rapt in meditation far above
The world which met his senses, but in vain
Would charm his spirit within its magic circle,
—Still with benign and meek simplicity
He hearken'd to the prattle of a babe,
Which he was leading by the hand; but scarce
Could he restrain its eagerness to break
Loose, and run wild with joy among the bushes.
It was his grandson, now the only stay
Of his bereaved affections.'

'The sage,

Though dallying with the minion's wayward
will,

His own premeditated course pursued,
And while, in tones of sportive tenderness,
He answer'd all its questions, and ask'd others
As simple as its own, yet wisely framed
To wake and prove an infant's faculties;
As though its mind were some sweet instru-
ment,

And he, with breath and touch, were finding
out

What stops or keys would yield the richest
music:

—All this was by-play to the scene within
The busy theatre of his own breast.'

'At length they struck into the woods, and
thence

Climb'd the gray rocks aloof. There from his
crag,

At their abrupt approach, the startled eagle
Took wing above their heads; the boy alarm'd,

—Nor less delighted when no peril came,—
Follow'd its flight with eyes and hands up-
raised,

And bounding forward on the verdant slope,
Watch'd it diminish, till a gnat, that cross'd

His sight, eclipsed it; when he look'd again
'Twas gone, and for an instant he felt sad,

Till some new object won his gay attention.
His grandsire step'd to take the eagle's stand,

And gaze at freedom on the boundless prospect,
But started back, and held his breath with awe,

So suddenly, so gloriously it broke
From heaven, earth, sea, and air, at once upon

him.

The tranquil ocean roll'd beneath his feet;
The shores on each hand lessen'd from the

view;
The landscape glow'd with tropical luxuriance;
The sky was fleck'd with gold and crimson

clouds,
That seem'd to emanate from nothing there,
Born in the blue and infinite expanse,

Where just before the eye might seek in vain
An evening shadow as a daylight star.

'There stood the patriarch amidst a scene
Of splendour and beatitude; himself

A diadem of glory o'er the whole;
For none but he could comprehend the beauty,

The bliss diffused throughout the universe;
Yet holier beauty, higher bliss he sought,

Of which that universe was but the veil,

Wrought with inexplicable hieroglyphics.
Here then he stood, alone but not forsaken
Of Him, without whose leave a sparrow falls
not.

Wide open lay the Book of Deity,
The page was Providence; but none, alas!
Had taught him letters; when he look'd, he wept
To feel himself forbidden to peruse it.

'All in a moment on his knees he fell;
And with imploring arms, outstretch'd to hea-
ven,

And eyes no longer wet with hopeless tears,
But beaming forth sublime intelligence;
In words through which his heart's pulsation
throbb'd,

And made mine tremble to their accents,—
pray'd

—“Oh! if there be a Power above all power,
A Light above all light, a Name above
All other names, in heaven and earth; that
Power,

That Light, that Name I call upon.”—He
paused,

Bowed his hoar head with reverence, closed his
eyes,

And with clasp'd hands upon his breast, began
In under-tones, that rose in fervency,
Like incense kindled on a holy altar,
Till his whole soul became one tongue of fire.

'He waited silently; there came no answer;
The roaring of the tide beneath, the gale
Rustling the forest-leaves, the notes of birds,
And hum of insects,—these were all the sounds
That met familiarly around his ear.

He look'd abroad; there shone no light from
heaven

But that of sunset; and no shapes appear'd
But glistening clouds, which melted through
the sky

As imperceptibly as they had come.'

'Anon faint accents, from the sloping lawn
Beneath the crag where he was kneeling, rose,
Like supernatural echoes of his prayer;

—“A Name above all names,—I call upon.—
Thou art.—Thou knowest that I am:—Reveal
Thyself to me;—but oh! that I may love
Thee!

For if Thou art, Thou must be good:—Oh!
hear,

And let me know Thou hearest?”—Memory
fail'd

The child; for 'twas his grandchild, though he
knew not,

—In the deep transport of his mind, he knew
not,

That voice, to him the sweetest of ten thou-
sand,

And known the best, because the best beloved.
Again it cried—“Thou art—Thou must be
good;—Oh! hear,

And let me know Thou hearest.”—Memory
fail'd

The child, but feeling fail'd not; tears of light
Slid down his cheek; he too was on his knees,
Clasping his little hands upon his heart,

Unconscious why, yet doing what he saw
His grandsire do, and saying what he said.

For while he gather'd buds and flowers, to
twine

A garland for the old gray hairs, whose locks
Were lovelier in his sight than all the blooms
On which the bees and butterflies were feasting,

The Patriarch's agony of spirit caught
His eye, his ear, his heart; he dropt the flow-
ers,

And kneeling down among them, wept and
pray'd

Like him, with whom he felt such strange emo-
tions

As rapt his infant-soul to heavenly heights;
Though whence they sprang, and what they
meant, he knew not;

But they were good, and that was all to him,
Who wonder'd why it was so sweet to weep.'

'Recovering thought, the venerable sire
Beheld, and recognized his darling boy,
Thus beautiful and innocent, engaged

In the same worship with himself. His heart
Leap'd at the sight; he flung away despon-
dence,

While joy unspeakable and full of glory
Broke through the pagan darkness of his soul.
He ran and snatch'd the infant in his arms,
Embraced him passionately, wept aloud,

And cried, scarce knowing what he said,—
“My Son!

My Son! there is a God! there is a God!”
“And oh! that I may love Thee too!” rejoined

The child, whose tongue could find no other
words

Than prayer;—“for if thou art, Thou must be
good.”

—“He is! He is! and we will love Him too;
Yea and be like Him,—good, for He is good!”

Replied the ancient father in amazement.

'Then wept they o'er each other, till the child
Exceeded, and the old man's heart reproved
him

For lack of reverence in the excess of joy.'

NARRATIVE OF DON JUAN VAN HALEN'S JOURNEY TO RUSSIA, &c.

(Continued from p. 500.)

HAVING, in our last number, laid before our
readers some interesting passages from the
narrative of the sufferings of Van Halen in
the prisons of the Inquisition, we are glad
now to extract some passages of a different
description, in which he will appear as the
watchful intelligent traveller, communicat-
ing to us much information, which, if not
always quite novel, yet is ever calculated to
arrest attention. And we are inclined to
think, what he writes will be perused with
double pleasure from the distressing circum-
stances in which he had been previously
placed:—

Inns, Travelling, &c.—‘After leaving Palan-
gen, as the weather was very fine, we travelled
on without stopping any where during the
whole day, and towards evening reached a
post-house with voracious appetites. The mas-
ter of it was an old German, who spoke French
very fluently, and who told us he had been in
the service of Frederic II.; thereupon he en-
tered into a long and tedious account of him-
self, and showed us the scars of the wounds he
had received in the wars; but, observing we
were more anxious for our dinners than for the
narrative of his exploits, he said he had a
princely repast to offer us, with exquisite wine
to boot; but when the moment arrived, we
found it impossible, hungry as we were, to do
more than taste the filthy wine and indigestible
dishes that were brought before us. To crown
the adventure, our postilion was no where to
be found, and all the horses being engaged for
the suite of the empress-mother, we were un-
able to proceed. Wishing, however, to avoid
spending the night at such a wretched hovel,
we obtained a change of horses by dint of flat-
tering the German, and paying him in full the
unreasonable bill he presented to us.

‘The night was rather dark, and we had not
seen the figure of our postilion, or even heard
his voice; but we suspected, by the slowness

of his movements, that he was some old crony
of his master. On arriving towards the end of
the relay, he began to blow a bugle with all his
might, surprising us with a number of flou-
rishes. Mr. Koch informed me that we were
going to cross a small river, and that the blast
with which we had been regaled was a warn-
ing for the bargeman. Our vehicle then stop-
ped before the door of an inn, which stood on
an elevated spot, and the postilion, alighting,
asked Mr. Koch's permission to enter the inn
to drink a glass of brandy, whilst the bargeman
answered his sign. It was midnight, and we
expected soon to cross the river; but after
waiting a quarter of an hour for his return, and
seeing that the fellow did not come out, I
alighted and proceeded towards a window,
where a light was perceivable. As I looked
through it, I saw what I certainly did not ex-
pect, but what convinced me that the flourishes
of his bugle were addressed to a very different
person from the bargeman. Our postilion was
sitting near a table with a huge flagon beside
him, and a wench on his knee. Provoked be-
yond expression at this unseasonable courtship,
I shook the window till it flew open, and, be-
fore my companion had time to alight and wit-
ness the scene, both the hero and the heroine
came to the door of the inn, the latter holding
a lantern in her hand, by which I observed she
was an ugly kitchen wench of about eighteen,
and he a young man of five-and-twenty. Dis-
pleased with my interruption, he muttered
something at my impatience, and at the unsea-
sonableness of my call, and again blew his bu-
gle, though by no means so vigorously as he
had before done, after which we gained the
barge, and continued our way without farther
interruption.

Russian Carriage.—‘This kind of carriage is
so large that one may travel in it at full length.
The coachman, standing up, drives three horses
abreast, the reins being suspended to a wooden
arch, rising about two feet above the neck of
the middle horse, and supported by the shafts
of the carriage. From the arch hangs a large
bell, which is an indispensable appendage to a
Russian travelling carriage. The character of
the coachmen and postilions is uniformly cheer-
ful throughout the empire, and offers a striking
contrast to those of Germany. My present
conductor, following the directions given him
by my interpreter, placed in the carriage a
mattress which I hired from the landlord, that
I might travel more comfortably, and towards
the close of the same day, I proceeded on my
journey.’

Celebration of the Festival of the Epiphany.

—‘As the balcony of my apartments was oppo-
site the palace, I had a fine view of the gorge-
ous pomp displayed on the festival of the Epi-
phany, when more than forty thousand men of
the imperial guard filed off before the palace.
This festival consists in blessing the frozen
waters of the majestic Neva; for which pur-
pose a small wooden temple, richly ornamented,
is erected in the middle of the river, to which the
whole of the imperial family proceeded on foot,
followed by their numerous court, and the choir
of singers of the emperor's chapel, whose harmo-
nious canticles are by far more impressive and
better calculated to inspire one with religious
veneration than any other kind of music. On
the procession arriving at the temple, the archi-
mandrite blesses the waters, or rather the solid
mass of ice which the Neva presents, and on
which the greatest part of the troops and artil-
lery perform their evolutions, returning after-
wards to the palace in the same order of pro-

cession. If an unprejudiced spectator cannot help smiling at the superstition observed at this festival, his admiration must be equally excited at the imposing appearance of the imperial guard on this day. A more brilliant re-union of troops cannot be exhibited by any European nation.

St. Petersburg.—‘This capital is embellished with a multitude of palaces. The first of these, built by Peter the Great, is situated in a public promenade, called the summer garden, one of its most remarkable objects, by its exquisite taste and workmanship, being the immense grating on the side of the Neva. An anecdote is related of an Englishman, who, having left England to visit this capital, had no sooner arrived before this palace, and admired the grating for a considerable time, than he immediately re-embarked to return home, saying that it was useless to go to further expense by remaining any time there, as it was impossible he could see any thing more beautiful.

‘There are other palaces belonging to the imperial family, but which are not inhabited, as the Marble palace, and that of Michael, where the Emperor Paul I., father of the reigning monarch, met a tragic end. Its appearance strikes one as singular in the present time, owing to the drawbridges, moats, and other hostile forms, which it still preserves, and which forcibly remind one of the Bastille.

‘The perspective called Newsky, is a very wide and long street, which, commencing at the Admiralty, extends in a direct line as far as the celebrated convent of St. Alexander Newsky, a distance of three miles, intersected by three beautiful canals, which, during the summer months, facilitate the communication throughout the city. I attended a solemn festival, celebrated in the great church of this convent, and I must own that the magnificence of it surpassed even that displayed in the principal cathedrals of Spain. But what is particularly pleasing to a foreigner at these festivals is the choir of singers, always extremely select. Often in my moments of melancholy have I found this recreation my best resource.

‘Throughout the town are stationed a number of corps-de-gardes, the soldiers of which are obliged to do the honours to every officer according to his rank; and, as it is not permitted to any of the latter to go without his uniform and decorations in any part of the empire, the sentries are in a continual movement, and have never time for certain liberties which those of other countries often indulge in, contrary to the rules of discipline. Besides, the Emperor Alexander was in the daily habit of walking out alone in the uniform of a general, and would suddenly present himself where he was least expected, a circumstance which kept the soldiers constantly on their guard.

‘The saloons of the academy of sciences contain an infinite number of curiosities in animals, &c. and in costumes of the different nations of Asia and America. In a separate cabinet is seen in wax the statue of Peter I. in the same costume he wore on the day of his marriage with Catharine I. It is said to be a very strong likeness, and is most exquisitely finished.

‘The carnival in Russia is spent in games peculiar to that country, the chief of which is sliding down the ice or Russian mountains. These rise between forty and fifty feet, and are fifteen or twenty feet wide, the scaffolding with which they are formed being placed in the middle of an extensive plain of ice, so that the sledges on their descent may find ample room

where to spend the velocity of their motion. The steepness and smoothness of the mountain, cause the sledges to descend at such a rapid rate, that for a long time after they are seen sliding on the plain of ice. It is calculated that a pistol ball fired from the mountain only gains one second in every four on the rapid motion of the sledge. When this stops, either by itself or by means of the hands, which serve for a helm and for oars, the gentleman slings it on his back, as he might his skates, and offering his arm to the lady who has accompanied him, conducts her to the steps behind the mountain, on ascending which they repeat their amusement.’

‘The Russians celebrate the resurrection at midnight. This festival is announced precisely at twelve by salutes from the citadel, at which moment the cry of “He has risen!” bursts from the mouth of every person, who, from the monarch to the humblest serf, embrace each other in token of forgiveness of reciprocal offences.

‘Desirous of seeing the celebration of this festival in the Greek cathedral of our Lady of Kasan, where I was told a numerous concourse of people were to be met, I hastened thither. The sepulchre was placed in the front of the tabernacle, and the popes, or priests, dressed in their sacerdotal robes, formed a procession similar to that of the Catholics before the resurrection, the church being magnificently illuminated. I was pressed on all sides by persons of both sexes, for in the Greek churches every body without distinction, and even the monarch himself, must remain standing; but no sooner did the canticles, the bells, and the cannon announce the *denouement* of this religious solemnity, than I thought myself transported to the marriage of Canaan. Mutual felicitations were exchanged, in which I myself participated, as well as of the supper which the spectators had carried with them, consisting of pastry and cold meats, which they ate on the spot, in proof of the severe abstinence observed by them during the forty preceding days.

‘The whole of the capital is at this time illuminated, and on the following morning the etiquette requires that the ladies should be presented with what is called an Easter egg, ornamented with ribands and bows, in token of felicitation for the resurrection. The lower class offer real eggs, more or less painted; and the middle class porcelain ones, of which a great number is sold during these days, some of them at a very high price. When a lady receives the present, she offers her hand to the gentleman, who kisses it; and then bending forward, she applies her lips to his cheeks, a custom not at all indifferent to a man who is not habituated to this kind of salute.

‘The rigours of winter are felt here long after Easter, but the scene changes so suddenly in the month of May, that in less than a fortnight the Neva becomes navigable, the snow disappears from the fields, and the trees soon re-assume their green clothing; the country-houses are immediately inhabited and enlivened by the rural fêtes, in which the Russians delight; the days lengthen as rapidly as the winter nights seemed endless; in fine, whether it be the strong contrast, or the endeavours of the Russians to profit of the few fine months that their climate allows, it is certain that in no country of Europe does the spring appear more smiling than in this. The first merchant vessels which enter the Neva are loaded with oranges and other fruits, the produce of warmer climates, of which there is a great consumption

at St. Petersburg, many families being in the habit of going to Wassili-Ostrov, where there are houses exclusively destined to the sale of these articles.’

Fair at Nijnei Novgorod.—‘The number of merchants assembled this year at the fair was from one hundred and thirty thousand to one hundred and forty thousand; a multitude which naturally presented a great variety of costumes and countenances. Here was seen the Russian merchant, wrapped up in his blue caftan, beside his wife, arrayed in the national dress, and her hair adorned with a profusion of strings of pearls; there the Persians and Armenians, with their high caps of curly goat skin, and double hanging sleeves. Farther on, the Tartar of Boukharia, and that of Kasan, and of Mongolia; whilst the Turk paced up and down with his usual indolence and slow gait, as if afraid the ground would give way beneath his steps. The European merchant, whose dress appeared no less singular in the eyes of the former, than theirs did in ours, occupied a prominent station; and amidst this mercantile Babylon, was an English traveller, as inquisitive as he appeared dissatisfied. He always went about accompanied by an Italian, called Filistri, who, having nothing better to do, served him as guide, both having rendered themselves remarkable to the merchants by a string of questions, and their economy in making purchases. The Tartars and other Asiatics, who believed them to be both English, and who had no other ideas of Englishmen than those which they had gathered from the Memoirs of Napoleon, and from the confused and unfavourable accounts of the events passing in India, avoided them as if they were infected with the plague.

Ireton: a Poem. By THOMAS BAILEY. 8vo. pp. 46. London, 1827. Ridgway.

WE neither approve of the principles nor poetry of the author. From one of the attached poems, however, we will cite a stanza.

‘Go, search the bright record of deeds which belongs
To France or to Spain’s proudest days,
The glory was built on humanity’s wrongs,
Their fame was the lightning’s fierce blaze.
But England! thy glory is raised on true worth,
And fair as it beams o’er the wave,
Sheds light which illumines the crowns of the earth,
And cheers e’en the heart of the slave.’

The Cook and Housewife’s Manual. By MRS. MARGARET DODS, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan’s. Second Edition, pp. 525. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Whittaker, London, 1827.

THIS work, which was reviewed at some length in No. 359 of *The Literary Chronicle*, and from which we then made several extracts, has now reached a second edition, thus showing that we formed a correct estimate of its merits. An important new feature of this edition, is a complete compendium of French cookery, comprising all that is really useful to the English cook; it also contains two hundred new receipts, some plates illustrative of the directions for carving, and a sort of glossary of the more unusual culinary terms, for the information of the young or inexperienced.

Bibliotheca Parriana; a Catalogue of the Library of the late Rev. and Learned Samuel Parr, LL. D. 8vo. London, 1827. Bohn—Mawman.

EVERY body who knows any thing of Dr. Parr's character will be curious to see, and estimate a catalogue of his books; but we rejoice in finding this to be not a mere catalogue, by incorporating numerous notes of that eminent man, which are frequently of great importance, though not wanting in severity and personality. Some of them we shall, as we have room, insert in our journal—though those who are really anxious to know the judgment of such a man as Dr. Parr, on a multitude of authors, will consult the catalogue itself, in which they will find 130 pages devoted to theology; 202 to classics, language, and philology; 200 to history, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, poetry, &c. Dr. P. was anxious that his library should remain entire, that "the world might see what sort of a collection of books had been made by a country parson." Whether this will be the case or not, is impossible to say: but we would express our obligations to the editor, for bringing before the public a very useful volume.

Theology; or, an Attempt towards a consistent View of the whole Counsel of God; with a preliminary Essay on the Practicability and Importance of this Attainment. By JOHN HOWARD HINTON, A. M. London, 1827. Wightman and Co.

It appears, by the introduction to this little volume, that it is only an enlargement, exclusive of the preliminary essay, of an article written some years ago, by the author, for the Oxford Encyclopædia. With the exception of its want of novelty, it is none the worse for that circumstance; and those who may wish for a kind of summary view of the character, works, and ways of God, written in a clear and temperate manner, will not be disappointed with the perusal of Mr. Hinton's work.

Appendix to Travels in Mesopotamia. By J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE result of the legal proceedings which are here so fully stated, is, we believe, well known; and, whatever may be our opinion in reference to the celebrated and respected author, we do not feel inclined to enter on the subject of those proceedings. The action was tried in October 19, 1826, and damages were awarded to Mr. Buckingham of £400, which, although they may by no means cover his expenses, nor repair the injury sustained; yet we think Mr. B. had better now let the matter sink into silence.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

A POLITICAL SKETCH OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE POWERS OF SOCIETY ON GOVERNMENTS. (Concluded from p. 507.)

WE shall now conclude our translation of the excellent passage, from this work, which we began in our last number, and in which the author has skilfully compressed into about a dozen pages, the history of the Roman republic. We shall not attempt a detailed analysis of this political book, for a just idea

of its merit can only be formed by reading it through. If some trifling obscurities, some very slight faults of language do occasionally show themselves at great intervals, they pass unobserved amidst whole pages of dazzling eloquence, truth, and depth of thought. We need only point out those in which the author treats of legitimacy, opposition, police, and religion:—

'The laws of the Twelve Tables became insufficient, in proportion as the necessities of the nation augmented in extent and complication. The senate wished to arrogate to itself the power of filling up the chasms, and resolved that its senatus-consulta should be *bonâ fide* laws, and be obligatory on the people. This attempt, however, which was intended to maintain the sovereignty of the aristocracy, did not meet the success anticipated. The people proclaimed that they also had resolutions to take for the security of their interests, and the decrees that emanated from them, being likewise made laws, became obligatory on the senate, who found it impossible to oppose that equilibrium of legislation demanded by the people.

'To elude the influence of the multitude, and to keep them in subjection to its ambitious will, the senate enveloped its judgments in a mystery where its own body was alone initiated and sole arbiter. Circumstances dictated these puerile contrivances, and the people who were kept in total ignorance of them, found themselves but too often the victims. The proceedings were void, and it was necessary to go over them a second time, when any trifle, however absurd, had been neglected, even though it were immaterial to the point in question. Thus the citizens, in order to avoid mistakes and delay, addressed themselves directly to the patricians for their advice in all civil contestations, and the senate, for a short time, beheld the people once more in complete subjection to their authority. Some plebeians, however, both courageous and faithful to their own body, succeeded in discovering this formidable secret, and, at various times, gave so much publicity to its acts, that the aristocratic preponderance was unable any longer to find any support in such ridiculous absurdity.

'In the mean time, the people, increasing every day, as well from the particular causes we have explained, as from the progressive expansion of their physical and moral faculties, after having obtained a place in the legislation, next thrust themselves boldly into the administration of the state, and the public functions were divided between them and the aristocracy. And it must be observed, that this was not an affront of mere ambition: for the people, as Montesquieu has wisely remarked, entertained so much respect for the principal families, that, although they possessed the right of choosing, among the plebeians, the military tribunes, who had equal power with the consuls, they, nevertheless, almost always elected patricians to that appointment. It was, therefore, a feeling of imperious necessity, such as force alone can inspire, which created in them an unwillingness to be governed by any but themselves, and to reject every species of extraneous influence.

'When man perceives all real power escaping from his hands, he too often runs and intrenches himself behind that engendered by his vanity. This single remark is sufficient to explain that law of the decemvirs, which prohibited marriage between patrician and plebeian families. The absurdity of this conception re-

quires but little comment. Marriages are less subordinate to the empire of opinion than is generally thought, and the particular circumstances of families generally regulate and determine them. The law is useless, when the patrician is the most powerful; for, in this case, it is impossible to suppose he will ever consent to give his daughter to a man of the people. And it is dangerous, when he is the weakest—for then, to keep up a dignity quite inconsistent, the women are exposed to misery or prostitution, for want of being able elsewhere to form an honest connection. The great of the present day are as jealous as the ancients of the lustre of their birth. When they are rich and powerful, they refuse to form any alliance they conceive dishonouring, but when they are poor and needy, the first vulgar tradesman who offers himself, dazzling with his riches, is sure of being received. This resolution did not alarm the people, but rather excited their pity, and it might be affirmed, their discrimination foresaw the day when the patrician would be delighted to give his daughter to a plebeian, and this ridiculous law was solemnly abolished, in the 308th year of Rome.

'When the political strength of the people was making such rapid strides, the state of affairs was such at Rome, that the senate would have fallen a victim to its own obstinacy, in considering itself a privileged body, if its very imminent danger had not inspired it with an idea at once vigorous and profound—I mean the creation of nobles. That title was conferred on every plebeian who was distinguished from the crowd by his riches, his abilities, his bravery, or any species of service rendered to his country. The senate, however, deceived itself in imagining it had created an intermediate class between its own body and the people. It is in representative monarchies alone where there exists but one head and one multitude that intermediate bodies are of use. But where two great masses are in presence of each other, the middle rank is precarious and vacillating—it must mingle with the inferior, or soar into the superior class. Thus the senate of Rome was obliged to admit the nobles whose influence was an addition of strength: and it was with their assistance that they were enabled to resist the wicked enterprises of the Gracchi, and those who imitated their darlings. The aristocracy found a fresh spring of life in the institution of the nobility; yet even that supplementary strength with which it surrounded itself, displayed in a still more glaring light, the political preponderance of the people, since it was out of them that it sprang.

'Particular circumstances had concurred for ages, to confine the struggle within the bounds of intrigue and debate. The moment at last arrived, when, abandoning political discussion, the disputants determined to face each other on the field of battle. The shock of most violent commotion was foretold, and it was terrible. The republic beheld, for the first time, a gulf open under its feet, and threaten to swallow it. The agitation of men's minds, by destroying every means of being understood, engendered, as if by magic, two fatal geniuses who collected around them the two contending parties, and presented themselves to the affrighted imaginations of those times, as the evil representatives of all the passions and interests then in a state of desperation. These were Marius and Sylla. If we dive to the bottom of their quarrel, it is easy to discover, that they fought not directly for personal domination, but for the state of society, which first put arms into their

hands, and next dragged them into civil war; for it is circumstances which create men, and not men circumstances. Marius represented the democratic body, which, having become of colossal magnitude, could no longer remain a subject or co-sovereign—but aspired at omnipotence. Sylla was the representative of the aristocracy, which, in the paroxysms of its agony, still sought to bear up against the implacable hatred of its antagonists. This event shook, as it were, the age; but its political result was not that which history seems to indicate. Sylla, reposing in the midst of slaughter and devastation, like a satiated lion, had only triumphed over his rival. While Marius, seated like a spectre dripping with blood upon the ruins of Carthage, had triumphed over the aristocracy. Sylla was indebted for his victory to the powerful party he had formed among the people.

The defeat of Marius, the all-astonishing abdication of Sylla, seemed to give the republic a moment's tranquillity. But it was not the calm of established order—it was the repose of fatigue. The men had laid down their arms; but circumstances remained the same, and were not long ere they rekindled the struggle. The senate had lost that interior equilibrium, which was founded on the perfect equality of the material and moral strength of all its members, and which, till then, had kept the pretensions of the people in check. The progressive derangement and the disproportion of fortunes were already preparing for it fresh enemies. Ambitious senators, appreciating Sylla's means of success, conceived projects of personal domination—and Cataline appeared. But immersed in debt and crimes, without credit, as without real preponderance, he could count but upon satellites of his own stamp. He dared every thing, and succeeded in nothing. However much the democracy felt itself dismembered by faction, it did not, however, think it worth while to overturn the senate, where it reigned conqueror, to establish the despotism of a single individual. It made, then, a last effort at triumph, not aided by a patrician, but by a man of the people, born into a little town in Campania, and celebrated for his oratorical talents and patriotic conduct, who, put himself at the head of the opposition, and having exposed the conspiracy of Cataline, and hurled at him, in a numerous assembly, all the thunder of his eloquence, denounced him, as he lay in death upon the field of battle, to public execration, and was decorated with the surname of father of his country; the first, as Rousseau justly remarks, who had obtained that glorious title, and the only one who had deserved it.

The circumstances, which awakened the hardihood of Cataline, were unaltered by his downfall; and the republic, like a body, set in motion upon an inclined plain, marched with rapid strides towards a crisis even yet more decisive. The democracy, by dint of humbling the senate, had reduced it to a mere nothing: and whilst the senate, fallen into disrepute and become the object of universal hatred, existed in name only, and was powerful alone in remembrances, the people lost, by degrees, its energy, with the rival that inspired it, and no longer presented but one compact mass, whose tumultuous passions finding an external vent recoiled upon themselves, destroying the bosom they inhabited, and threatening it with death and dissolution. This state of things awakened the mighty spirit of Cæsar. Endowed with qualities at once the most splendid and solid, skilful at the bar and in the field, he plunged

single handed into the midst of the conflicting discords, kindled them into a blaze the better to extinguish them, astounded the imagination of his contemporaries by the boldness and success of his enterprises, chained to his triumphal car both the senate and the people, and dictating his wills as so many laws, which it was forbidden to examine or infringe, showed, for the first time, that the whole world had but one master.

ORIGINAL.

STANZAS.

THE corn field roll'd
Like a sea of gold,
Beneath the summer breeze,
And the farmer's eye
Look'd glad to the sky,
For he felt his heart at ease.
Not a cloud was there
To awaken a care,
And with hope he look'd to heaven,
Yet who shall say,
Ere the harvest day,
That despair may not be given.
For the mildest spring
Shall summer bring,
And autumn commence in glory;
Yet rain and gloom,
May bring a doom,
That shall darken the farmer's story.
Then to Providence pray,
For many a day
Of light and warmth to come,
That God's increase,
And plenty and peace,
May bless the harvest home. J. M. L.

THOUGHTS UPON COMEDY.

OF all the blameable actions that do not fall under the actual cognisance of the laws, the most worthy of note are those which offend morality, and those which are contrary to social decencies. The first are called *vices*, the second *whims* and *absurdities*. Public opinion judges of either according to their relative importance, and exposes them accordingly to the indignation and reprehension of society.

Morality is uniform: it is fixed, invariable and eternal; every one is aware when any action offends against it, and may form a proper estimate by consulting the oracle of his conscience. But in what do social decencies consist? What are the means to be employed for the punishment and amendment of actions that offend against them?

One of the links of society, seldom regarded with sufficient attention, is the powerful tendency of mankind to sympathize with each other, and form a continual interchange of thoughts and affections. When the great interests of society are to be conciliated with the personal and minor interests of a few individuals, unbridled passions overpower this gentle sympathy, and obstruct this commutual understanding. But where passions have no concern, as in modes of life, habitation, dress, conversation, feeling, &c. it is so easy for mankind to agree, that we generally see a whole nation take, in the unity, tone, and order of its customs, a uniform and particular physiognomy. Every individual keeps himself in unison with the rest of his coun-

trymen: every one learns to respect the manners adopted by the generality, and becomes habituated to regard them as so many decencies from which he is not permitted to depart. He who, led by false judgment, attempts to deviate, exposes himself to be pointed at for his singularity. He is called, in fact, *whimsical* and *absurd*.

The sources of singularity, by means of which an individual departs from the usual manner of social life, are generally of two kinds. They may be those of lightness, weakness, and involution, imperceptibly affecting the general character of the man; and in this case they partake of puerility and awkwardness, and necessarily become the objects of scorn and derision. They have their proper punishment in exciting the laughter of the spectators, and exposing the individual to ridicule and contempt. Or, on the other hand, they may be energetic and decided; may be entertained from a supposition of being right; or be displayed in a sudden and impetuous manner. They have then something of a formal austerity which, instead of exciting in the spectator any sportive idea, throws him into a state of meditation and melancholy.

To understand fully this distinction, let us deduce an example. Misanthropy is certainly one of the greatest absurdities of human characters; since nature intended us to love one another, and not as it were systematically to hate. The misanthropy of Moliere's *Alceste* is an absurdity that excites mirth and laughter, because it belongs to the first kind. The misanthropy of Shakspeare's *Timon* awakens melancholy and reflection, because it belongs to the second. All would prefer the misanthropy of *Timon*, because in him there is decision, impetuosity, and power: none would wish to resemble *Alceste*, because every thing in him is weak, ridiculous, and irrational.

Comedy, among the ancient Greeks, was a gross and disgusting satire, represented upon travelling carts in the midst of the public markets. Menander and Aristophanes, without doubt, improved it; but not sufficiently to establish its character: we know that the latter, especially, is caustic, detractive, and unrestrainedly impetuous. When manners became somewhat more polished, men of profound talent arose, who saw that it was necessary to cleanse comedy from this grossness, and to confine her to the representation only of those absurdities, which, offending the decencies and ordinary manners of social life, tend to render men singular and whimsical, and expose them to jest and laughter. These, in effect, form the true, the unique, the unvarying materials of comedy. So was it understood by the Latins, who remain, in this respect, the only and eternal models for such productions.

Some critics have considered it the duty of comedy to bring upon the scene the *vices* of mankind, in order to excite against them sentiments of aversion and hatred. But it is easy to conceive that nothing can be less comic than vice considered in itself. The sight of weak and impotent vice chills the mind; that of bold and powerful vice revolts it. In

either case we become serious; we depart either sad or wearied from such representations; and then the effect of comedy is lost: it would have been better for the author to have been hissed. In short, when we would bring vice upon the comic scene, it is not the vice in itself that should be there represented, but simply its whims and extravagancies.

But it will be said that Molière's Tartuffe is vicious without being ludicrous. Let us, however, reflect, that in Molière's Tartuffe the material for ridicule does not arise out of the crafty hypocrisy of that knave, but out of the foolish credulity of Orgon upon whom he plays; so that if Tartuffe be the principal agent of the comedy, Orgon alone is the real butt of ridicule. Shall we deduce a decisive proof? Let us suppress the character of the hypocrite, and put in his place any other knave whatever, that shall play upon the simplicity of Orgon: the subject of action will be different; but it will still form a comedy, simply because there will still remain matter of laughter. Let us, on the other hand, take away the character of Orgon, and put in his place a skilful and clear-sighted man, who in the first scene should unmask the impostor: the subject of action will remain unchanged; but it will cease to be comedy, simply because it will have become cold and tedious, notwithstanding its striking moral.

The nature of comedy being thus defined, it remains to discover what are the means the comic writer should employ to produce the desired effect.

The theatre is but a miniature picture of society: nothing, therefore, should be represented that can be heterogeneous to the manner of thinking and acting in society. Now let us observe that the absurdities of character which excite ridicule and derision, are, on the one hand, censured by society, and on the other endured with a good grace. They are censured because they display a narrow mind and false judgment; which is the more inexcusable because it requires no effort to respect social decencies, and to accommodate our manners to those with whom we must live: men sometimes are indulgent to passions, but are never disposed to pardon singularities and whims. They are, on the other hand, endured with a good grace, because, in reality, there is nothing more inoffensive than a whimsical man. Experience shows all such to be weak and narrow minded, but never wicked in the full force of the term: they only excite laughter; and that is a peremptory proof of their incapability of mischief, since, unfortunately for the human race, the really wicked are never ridiculous.

This being granted, the comic writer, who brings upon the stage singular and ridiculous characters, need not display against them the fury of a demoniac. Following the example of society, he should merely laugh at them, and look upon them as so many harmless madmen, with whom it is not worth while to be over angry. Hence the need of delicate design and colouring, light and airy tints, such as suffice to curl the lip of the spectator with a smile of indulgent contempt and scorn. While society is content to laugh at such poor creatures, it could not but cen-

sure the author who should fulminate against them in the tone of a preacher. The indignation of Juvenal is as ill adapted to comedy as it would be inappropriate in an Athletes to wield the club of Hercules to crush an insect. The art, without doubt, is difficult; but he who knows not how to use it, displays his ignorance in the attempt.

Can comedy inculcate a moral lesson? We must not take this expression in too vague and indeterminate a sense. The contemplation of a flower, a mineral, or a worm, may often afford a useful and moral lesson. Sterne knew how to deduce one from a simple smile. But this truth is insignificant, merely because it is too general. I cannot allow that comedy can administer efficacious moral lessons, until it be demonstrated to me, by fact and reason, that it can be successful in correcting in society the defects of character which it derides in the theatre. But who can seriously believe this possible?

Bring crime upon the scene; and if there be a secret delinquent present, you will see him turn pale, shudder, become agitated, and fix his eyes upon the audience as if he feared lest they should behold in him the original of the fiction represented. That is caused by the delinquent having the consciousness of his crime. When his portrait is presented to him under another name, there is no occasion to say with Horace *mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*: he sees and knows himself; feels that he is unmasked; and it is not impossible that he may thereby be induced to amend. Shakspeare, whose genius could dive to the bottom of the soul and detect the secret of human passions, well knew the force of this truth, when he made Hamlet employ a tragic representation in order to discover the assassin of his father. But he would never have flattered himself with the idea of making a real Falstaff blush, by presenting him with an imaginary portrait; because, blinded by the absurdities which mingle with the very temper of his character, man has not the consciousness of his extravagancies: there is nothing in them reflective or voluntary; they have imperceptibly introduced themselves into the conformation of his habits and taken deep root. Every one perceives them except the person who is blemished: every one, more or less indirectly, derides them; and even the object himself joins heartily in the laugh; neither knowing nor suspecting that he excites the public derision. In this state of things, how can comedy afford a useful moral lesson, since, for the reasons above mentioned, it is incapable of correcting the absurd defects of human character? Had it been capable of doing so, absurdities would long ago have disappeared from the face of the earth.

Molière has brought upon the scene almost all the absurdities of his time. Why have not the nobles, plebeians, misers, misanthropists, &c. whom this celebrated author delighted to make the subjects of his biting sarcasms, shewn any open hostility against him? Because, not having the consciousness of their own defects, they were not offended at beholding, on the theatre, portraits in which they were incapable of recognising

themselves. Why, on the contrary, have the Tartuffes, on beholding themselves ridiculed upon the scene, avowed a rooted and obstinate hatred against Molière, which still endures, and will endure to the end of time? Because hypocrisy is not a whim that imperceptibly glides into the character, but a wilful vice of which the possessor must be conscious. The Tartuffe of the world cannot but recognise himself in the Tartuffe of the stage, and burns with rage at being unmasked and reprobated.

The only material of that kind of dramatic composition, called comedy, is, then, absurdity of character, which the author should unmask with the most delicate dexterity, and lightly strike, not with the sanguinary lash of Juvenal, but with a bunch of roses mixed with thorns. Let him who feels an abundance of bile, write satires, and leave comedy alone, if he does not wish to expose himself to inevitable shipwreck. With respect to moral, comedy has no direct aim, since it is incapable of effecting a change. Ridiculous extravagances of character resemble maladies which are incurable, because there is no remedy that can be efficaciously applied. I allow, however, that, speaking generally, the theatre has a moral aim; but not such as is attributed to it by vulgar prejudice. This would form the subject of a separate article.

THE CAMELEOPARD.

England now as well as France has its cameleopard, for which our sovereign is indebted to the courtesy of the Pacha of Egypt. This superb animal is destined to embellish Windsor Park, and was sent thither last Sunday. The cameleopard in Paris during a whole fortnight was the sole topic of conversation, the poets celebrated it by songs, it formed the subject of three or four vaudevilles, and the most learned academicians consecrated their time to writing its history. Will the one that has just arrived among us receive such brilliant honours? We much doubt it, and lest no one should write an eulogium on it, we borrow the following historical notice of this noble inhabitant of Africa from *Le Globe*, a French literary and philosophical miscellany, to the merits of which we have frequently borne honourable testimony.

Julius Cesar was the first who made known this animal to the Romans, and they designated it the *camelo-pardalis*, or cameleopard. But there is a vast difference between it and the camel, and if the spots on its skins resemble those which we observe upon the large panthers, they yet differ from them in being whole and irregular instead of circular and regular; consequently, the ancient name *zurapha*, from which the French derive that of *girafe*, is more appropriate than the one substituted by the Romans.

This animal, in its native country, browses upon the tops of trees, giving the preference to plants of the *mimosa* species, which abound there; but it appears that it can, without inconvenience, change this regimen for any other vegetable diet. The one which arrived in Florence, in 1486, and which raised its head to the first floor windows of the houses, to solicit its meals, fed on the fruits of the

country, more particularly apples. The one now in France is nourished differently, its usual repasts consisting of mixed grains, ground maize, barley, and beans, and its drink is milk, night and morning. This change in its natural habits, doubtless originates in the manner in which it has been brought up. Having fallen into the hands of some poor Arabs, who had no other food to offer it but the grain on which they fed their camels, and the milk which they procured from the females, it was obliged to accustom itself to this diet, which agreed very well with it, and it has now no wish for any other.

It accepts willingly, however, fruit and branches of acacia when offered: the foliage of the latter it seizes in a peculiar manner, putting forth a long wrinkled and very narrow tongue, which it twists round the object it desires to become possessed of. That the *girafe*, or cameleopard, was intended by nature to browse on the high branches of trees, is evident from the difficulty it experiences in taking any thing off the ground. To effect this, it first straddles out one of its front legs, and then the other recommencing the same manœuvre several times, and it is not until after reiterated attempts that it can resolve upon stooping its neck, and picking up, by means of its tongue and lips, the object presented to it.

Part of M. Geoffrey-St-Hilaire's pamphlet, from which we extract these particulars, is devoted to curious investigations respecting the physical conformation of the cameleopard; this savant finds in its singular forms a remarkable application of his principles upon the connexions and the balancing of the organs. The cameleopard's walk is always a sort of amble, and the length of its legs enables it to move very quickly, notwithstanding a slight inequality between its back and front legs, and their being rather too near together. When pursued it flies with extreme swiftness, but the want of breadth of its lungs prevents its keeping up a long course.

It is commonly said, that the cameleopard lives only in deserts; and it is naturally a matter of surprise how so large an animal can find subsistence upon a barren soil, parched by the sun, and upon which not a single vegetable is to be found: but the fact is, that neither the cameleopard nor the antelope subsists in the desert. They are to be seen there it is true, in large herds, but they only resort to it as a place of refuge, the same as the wild boars do to the forests, for the purpose of keeping a look out and guarding themselves from a surprise. With regard to their food, the cameleopards find that in the well-watered fertile lands which occupy immense spaces of Africa, and near to which they are very careful of keeping; as soon as they enter one of these, they ruin and devastate every thing around them.

The lion is the most formidable enemy of the cameleopard, but it never makes its attack in the desert; it lies in ambuscade near the clusters of trees, upon which the cameleopard browses, or near the streams at which it slakes its thirst. Therefore, both the cameleopard and the antelope are very cautious how they enter places capable of concealing their ene-

mies. If they see him at a distance they avert the danger by flight, but if he is too near for that, they determine on defending themselves, and the principle of self-preservation inspires them with a courage which is sometimes fatal to the king of animals. The victory generally belongs to whichever of the two combatants can surprise the other. The cameleopard attacks the lion with its front legs, striking with a violence which the latter can with difficulty resist, but if by chance he avoids these strokes, he obtains an advantage over the cameleopard which leaves it no further means of defence. Sometimes the cameleopard, when in flight, will kick out its hind legs like a horse, but it is much more apt to use the front ones; indeed, this mode of attack is so natural to this animal, that we can perceive a tendency to it even in the one now with us, although it is so tame and gentle. If any person approaches too near, or at all irritates it, it will throw out first one leg a little, and then the other, but it checks the motion almost immediately.

The cameleopard serves for food to some of the central tribes of Africa, who will dispute the prize with the lion. Its flesh is reported to be very succulent. It is never found but in the interior of Africa, at some hundred of leagues either from Egypt or from the Cape. The one now in the French museum must be about two years and a half old. The Pacha of Egypt who had already presented several animals to the King of France, such as an African elephant, some Arab horses, gazelles, &c. consulted the French consul upon what new present he should offer: and he happening to mention a cameleopard, the Pacha immediately sent to Sennaar and Darfour to have one procured. Some poor Arabs residing in the strip of cultivated land between these two provinces, had two young animals which they had brought up, these were quickly taken and sold to the governor of Sennaar, who sent them as a present to Mehomed-Ali-Pacha.

KLOPSTOCK,

THE AUTHOR OF THE MESSIAH.

A SKETCH of Klopstock's habits, conversation, and personal qualities, drawn up from a memorandum of two visits paid to him towards the end of the last century, was published in 1810, by Mr. Coleridge, in the original edition of *The Friend*. The following particulars respecting him are taken from the communication of a correspondent in *The Edinburgh Saturday Post*; they are, originally, translated from *The Labyrinten of Baggesen*, a Danish writer of some note:—

Professor Cramer and I had just arrived at Hamburg, from Poppenbütel, and had taken up our quarters at the City of Copenhagen,—an inn which now, as upon former occasions, I chose, like a good patriot, purely upon account of its name. Cramer had gone abroad, and I was engaged in writing, with my head drooping over the paper, when a sound as gentle as the folding of a seraph's wings, awoke me from the dream which at this moment possessed me. I raised my head with a sudden start, looked round, and lo! it was Klopstock. Upon his proposal, we went down to his garden; and Cramer soon after joined us. The moment he

appeared in sight, Klopstock stepped back with one foot,—threw himself into a fighting attitude, and playfully bade Cramer defend himself. Defend himself, for what? For his disloyal and treacherous treatment of Germany and her language, in his attack on the German *ch*. 'Saidst thou not,' asked Klopstock, 'that *ch* was a sound worthy of a crocodile? But now, Cramer, be it known unto thee, that the three graces in the language of all others most worthy of themselves, the language of Greece to wit, were known by a designation (*charities*) beginning with that very opprobrious *ch* which thou, Cramer, wouldst prescribe as ultra German. This is my answer; and thus am I avenged. Thou art tried, dear Cramer, and found guilty: and now for judgment and for punishment.' And so saying, he advanced; and—cordially shook hands with him. We were delighted to see him in such fine spirits; and we expressed our delight. Upon which he told us, with an air of exultation, that he had suffered greatly, especially during the past year, from rheumatic gout, but that it had never extorted a shriek from him, or so much as a sigh: 'once only,' said he, 'when it flew to my stomach, it forced me to grind my teeth.' From his own spasms, he made an adroit transition to the spasms which were convulsing the political world. (The French Revolution was now in its earliest stage.) Denmark, Sweden, Russia, he glanced at slightly; but France, France, was the subject at his heart. 'Are you aware,' said he, 'that I have composed two new lyric poems on this occasion, one entitled *Louis the Greatest*, and the other, *The Convocation of the States General*?' We expressed our desire to hear them; and upon my hinting that I should translate the latter into Danish, he repeated it by heart; the other, he could not remember; and, considering the repulsiveness of the title, I was not sorry for it. Klopstock told us that Rochefoucault had taken a great deal of pains to translate this ode into French, but had not succeeded. And no blame to Rochefoucault either! The Klopstockian odes are not to be translated by *tours de phrase*. Of all languages, the French is the poorest for purposes of poetry, and the richest for rhetoric. Now, with the German language, this is just reversed. France has orators, but no poets, (meaning, of course, poets in the most eminent sense, epic or lyric.) Germany, on the contrary, has poets, but—hitherto at least—not a single orator. Klopstock has acquired Danish enough to understand, in a case of necessity, any little that he ever reads in this language; that, however, is little indeed; since Ewald's time, none of our Danish poetry has reached him; with the merits of our modern authors—Pram, for example, Rahbek, and Tode, I found him thoroughly unacquainted; and, altogether, his knowledge of our literature is shallow beyond what I could have supposed.—The personal characteristics of Klopstock I shall not attempt to describe in detail, this having been done already to the satisfaction of myself, and every body else, by the author of the *Notes upon Klopstock*. In general, I shall say, that the expression of his exterior is dignity, blended with confiding and child-like simplicity. The Heaven of Heavens seems to preside in his poetry; and a spirit drawn from the very best of what is earthly, to govern his ordinary demeanour. Hence arises a rare mixture of majesty, and almost infantine *naïveté* and artlessness. No matter what the subject of conversation may be, from the highest to the lowest, from the convocation of the states-gene-

ral in France, down to the beautiful pair of stirrups of which he has lately become possessed, he talks of all with an ardour more than juvenile. Indeed his stirrups and the French convocation are not so far apart as they might seem; both alike being to him representative symbols of the two subjects upon earth which most call out the fire of his nature, viz. horsemanship and enlightened hatred of tyranny. No subject, in fact, can ever come amiss to the sensibilities of Klopstock; since, in the meanest woodcut of this earth (to speak figuratively,) he detects the latent marks of original painting, rich in celestial inspiration. If there be any one subject on which he does not speak with freedom and pleasure, it is perhaps that of money. Considering his advanced age, Klopstock's eye-sight is tolerably good. In his younger days, he informed me that he had lived almost constantly amongst blind people. He smiled upon my expressing a hope that he himself would become blind before he died. 'To some rules,' said I, 'we cannot allow of exceptions; Homer was blind, Milton was blind, and Klopstock must doubtless prepare himself for the same fate.' 'Why, as to that,' he replied, in a lower tone, 'I can thus far countenance your hopes, that within this last year, I have actually been aware of a considerable decline in my powers of sight; and at some distance cannot, without effort, distinguish a crow from a magpie.' His hearing is uncommonly acute. Unfortunately, he seems to presume upon the same degree of this faculty in all his hearers; for his loudest forte does not exceed another man's piano. I was once present at a party, where he read aloud one of his odes; all the company having formed themselves into an ellipse about him. By good luck I was in perihelion, by which means I came to hear about every third line; but several of those who occupied the aphelion assured me that they had not caught one single line. The favourite topics of his conversation seemed to be the great acts and enterprizes of heroic nations, especially of those which moved under republican impulses,—and, above all, he delighted to expatiate upon the merits of that language which, with so peculiar a propriety, and in a double sense, he may call his own. Just now, however, the French Revolution has the foremost place in his interest. Newspapers are become more interesting to him than Thucydides, Plutarch, and Tacitus; his old age is more cheerful and brighter with hope than his youth; awakened liberty has awakened him also; and, in the evening of his life, himself a star of the first magnitude—just at the point of setting, he is called off from his own speedy disappearance, to contemplate, with undivided attention, the ascending glories in the east. In the midst, however, of these cosmopolitical interests, Klopstock is alive to nothing so much as the personal interests of those with whom he is talking. Interrupt the most animated conversation by an account of some accident which has befallen yourself—drop a word of any suffering or inconvenience, and immediately Klopstock is all attention; counsel, remedies, sympathy, are all at your service; and, with so indescribable an air of earnestness and hearty sincerity, that your interest appears to be the weightiest concern of his life; and, in fact, for the time, it really is so. Klopstock's exterior is simple, and in some respects almost ordinary and unimpressive. His eye expresses innocence and piety rather than poetic power, or any thing that could properly be called genius. On the other hand, he compensates these defects in his

deportment; and his carriage, in particular, is in a high degree characteristic and original. There is an extraordinary grace diffused over his whole mien; which, however, it is not every eye that will detect under his common costume of a little old-fashioned coat and a shabby wig; add to which, that his excessive use of snuff and tobacco a little disturbs the polish of his neatness. His smile is indescribably fascinating; but notwithstanding the spirit which is given to it by an expression of humour and good-natured irony, it is still the smile of a girl rather than a man. As to his pecuniary circumstances,—greatly to the honour of our Danish government, and of the Margrave of Baden, he enjoys a moderate competence, which puts a few luxuries even within his reach,—such as a pretty little garden just out of the town, a horse for his own riding, and the means of now and then offering hospitalities to a small number of friends. Many are the delightful hours which I have passed in the society of this great poet and thoroughly good man; but none more so than when attending him in his riding excursions; on which occasions, mounted on his favourite Harold Harefoot, he surrendered himself without restraint to boyish exuberance of spirits. My pleasure, however, at these times, was a little disturbed by anxiety; for he rides with great boldness—I may say, with rashness; and his horse is so headstrong, that he threatens at every moment to throw his poetic rider. In his study, where Klopstock passes the whole forenoon, he sits perpetually involved in a nebula of snuff, and in voluminous exhalations of tobacco-smoke; for Klopstock has four principal accomplishments, and it is difficult to say which of these four is in greatest perfection—epic poetry, riding, skating, and smoking.

NECROLOGY.

AMONG the foreign literary characters lately deceased in various parts of Europe, are Mylins, Dr. Chladni, and the Chevalier Italinski. The first of these, who died on the 1st of March, was born at Berlin in 1753, and translated into German many popular works, from both French and English—Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Gil Blas, Candide, &c. Chladni was well known to men of science, as one of the most eminent mathematicians and naturalists of the age. He was born at Wittenberg in 1756, and was originally intended for the legal profession, but afterwards applied himself to physical pursuits, particularly to the theory of sound. His treatise on acoustics is one of the profoundest works on this difficult subject that has ever appeared; and he may be considered as having performed for this branch of physical science what Newton accomplished for optics. He likewise wrote on meteoric phenomena: and according to his opinion those meteoric stones and other bodies that fall from the clouds, are not generated in our atmosphere, but quite beyond our planet. Chladni died at Breslaw, April 4th. The Chevalier Italinski died at Rome on the 27th of June, aged 85, and had for many years been envoy from the court of St. Petersburg to the papal states. He was a distinguished admirer of the fine arts, and an intelligent connoisseur, and published a work on ancient Greek vases.

FINE ARTS.

SUHR'S PANORAMAS.

A FEW months ago we noticed this very pleasing and instructive exhibition: the subjects have recently been changed, and present some exceedingly interesting and well-executed views. Among these we have been most pleased with those of Moscow, Heidelberg, Hamburg, and Paris. To the former of these we unhesitatingly assign the preference; it conveys a very satisfactory idea of the extent, and peculiar architectural character of that capital, whose numerous towers and gilded cupolas warrant the epithet bestowed upon it by the natives, of the golden-capped, or golden-domed city. The kremlin, as may be imagined, forms a striking object, and from the singularity of its architecture is exceedingly picturesque: indeed there are few places which, in this respect, can vie with the ancient capital of Russia. The scene is enlivened by a great number of figures, both on the ice, and on the banks of the river, which impart an air of bustle and gaiety to the subject, while they at the same time give an idea of the costume and appearance of the population. Among the subjects now exhibiting we ought not to pass over one which, although not so much to our own taste as the rest, may prove very interesting to many others; namely, a Russian man-of-war, of 30 guns. Those who have not been to view the Russian fleet stationed off Portsmouth, may here gratify their curiosity, by seeing a representation of one of the vessels of that country. We are not sufficiently experienced in naval architecture to judge of the merits or defects either of its appearance or construction, and must therefore advise our readers to go and form their own opinion: of the other views we can pronounce them to be exceedingly well worth seeing, and as affording a very satisfactory idea of the situation and character of the various places they represent.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A comic extravaganza, in one act, entitled *You must be buried*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday, and but narrowly escaped condemnation. The plot is founded upon a custom, said to be prevalent in a certain island near Bagdad, of interring the surviving husband or wife with his or her dead consort. A French barber, (Laporte,) who has been shipwrecked on this island, is recognized by a quondam friend, and advised to marry a princess, whose life was in a state of jeopardy, but without being apprised of the ultimate consequences. The marriage ceremony being gone through, he finds that his wife is upon the point of death, and that 'he must be buried;' he is thus reduced from the pinnacle of unlooked-for prosperity to the very depth of misery. Laporte supported these extremes with admirable effect, and the other characters, nearly as extravagant, were well played; but the faults of the piece consist principally in treating the subject of death with too much levity, and in some loose ex-

pressions, which are a poor substitute for wit. Since the first representation, some judicious alterations have taken place, and the piece now goes off tolerably well.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—The new opera, so long announced, is again postponed, in consequence of the serious indisposition of Miss Paton. Mr. Mathews is engaged, and is playing several of his most popular characters.

VARIETIES.

Men of erudition, who still attribute the importation of turkeys to the Jesuits, offer as a proof, which they consider unanswerable, that in several provinces in France, the word *jesuit* still signifies a *turkey*. The fact is, that in some remote districts, people invite their friends thus:—“Come and dine with me, you shall get a fat crammed *jesuit*.” Thus follows the conversation—“I’ll trouble you, sir, for a little of that *jesuit*.”—“Pray, sir, do you find that *jesuit* tough or tender?”—“If you please, I will carve this *jesuit*.” People do not now say a *jesuit truffé*, but you may say a *jesuit en capilotade* or a *jesuit au feu d’enfer*.

In the Sunday Monitor of July 29, are the following lines:—

ON CUPID.

As lately I a garland bound,
‘Mongst roses I there Cupid found:
I took him, put him in my cup,
And, drunk with wine, I drank him up:
Hence then it is that my poor breast
Could never since find any rest.—HERRICK.

It should seem that the medical fraternity might very rationally dispute the truth of the poet’s inference, affirming that a deglutition of Cupid, or of any of his family, could never (according to the long experimented procedure of pabular digestion,) produce a powerful effect of any sort upon that strongest and most obstinate of all muscular animal substances, the heart: but might, nevertheless, create a very dangerous affection in the stomach and bowels, and most probably prevent or disturb the rest of any such *helluo divorum*.

It may be assumed as a positive truth, not two persons think precisely alike on subjects in general.

Eloquence seems to reside in the application of well chosen words that lead the judgment, by influencing the sympathies or striking the imagination. Scipio was accused by the tribunes of the people, of having sold a peace to the Syrian king: Romans, cried he, on such a day I vanquished Hannibal, — on such a day I reduced Carthage! — Let us to the temple to offer thanksgiving to the gods! The people dropped the accusation, and crowded after the hero.—Derar our chief is dead, cried the affrighted Arabians: True, says Rasi, one of their commanders, true,—Derar is dead, but what avails it; God is living and looks on you. He led them back to the combat. This is the eloquence of inspiration. Eloquence is sometimes comprised in a single word. Quirites! ‘Citizens!’ said Cæsar, from his rostrum, to the seditious legions, and with the appellation that degraded them from military rank, the sedition was subdued. Some years ago, an opposition member, pregnant for debate, pressed Mr. Canning with a string of interrogatories, full half an hour long. The house was all attention. He vociferated the monosyllable NO! and resumed his seat. Laughter superseded accusation, and prepared philippics slumbered in the pocket.—Pan. Misc.

THE METAPHYSICAL REPLY.

DICK DRIVE, all alive at a tavern with *grog*,
Was vaunting and chanting with voluble tongue,

When one of the party, (who sat like a log,
And seem’d heavily vex’d while Dick rattled and sung,)

Remarked, that no *matter* at all could be found
In such talk, and ’twas nought but an ignorant chatter.

‘Nay, nay!’ cries another, ‘Dick’s *mode* is quite sound:

’Tis the triumph of *spirit*, you see, over *matter*!’

G. D.

Died on August 12th, at Worthing, in his eighty-seventh year, the Lord Bishop of Carlisle.

A fire which lately took place at Minden, has proved the efficacy of a mixture of alum with water in the extinction of fire.

Anxiety and vanity are the two great faults of authors. The most trivial circumstances have led to the most confirmed friendship, and have caused the most inveterate hatred.

Champagne apparently is a great favourite of crowned heads. There are in the territory of Ai, four small enclosures, which belonged at once to four sovereigns,—Francis I., Leo X. Charles V., and Henry VIII. These little Bacchine territories remained in peace, while, these princes were disputing with arms in their hands, about some paltry corner of the earth.

The celebrated Ude, it is said, is to receive from Mr. Crockford, for the superintendence of his suppers at St. James’s, £1,200. per annum, besides perquisites.

Transfusion of Blood.—The Brighton Gazette mentions the case of a woman of the name of Ashdown, to whom, having been brought to the gates of death by the bursting of a varicose vein in her leg, transfusion was applied. No apparatus was at hand but a common bone syringe. After about a quarter of a pint of blood, taken from a person present, was introduced, the woman appeared to suffer from sickness, and it was discontinued. The pulse now became perceptible at the wrist, a gradual warmth was diffused over the body, and up to this time she is doing well.

Blucher.—The fine bronze statue, after the model of Ranch, which Silesia erects in honour of this brave man, has been placed on the pedestal at Breslaw; and will be exhibited to the public on the 26th of August, the anniversary of the battle of Kottbusch. It is ten feet two inches high, and the pedestal, of a single block of Silesian granite, sixteen feet nine inches.

Decorous Dignity and Gravity of Criticism.—A certain critic, after quoting from a recent historical and philosophical work the following characteristic notice of Bonosus—“No man ever drunk like him. The Emperor Aurelian esteemed him for his military talents, and, as he could drink like a *sieve*, he appointed him to entertain the ambassadors from all nations, that he might discover their secrets; he himself remaining perfectly undisturbed by any quantity of wine,”—makes the following most sage and sympathetic reflection, ‘Poor d—l! with all his accomplishments, after he had, naturally enough, considering his *potations*, “assumed the purple,” being defeated by Probus, he *hanged* himself—we suppose to *dry*!’ How profoundly witty and how instructive! Wretched puns, it seems, may be *admirable* criticism; or (to shorten our epithet and treat the critic in his own style) *rabble* criticism!

The Russian corvette, Krotky, has arrived at the Motherbank. She is returned from a voyage round the world, upon which she has been employed two years. Her commander, Baron Wrangell, is the officer who, accompanied by Dr. Kyber, explored the hitherto unknown N. E. coast of Asia to Behring’s Straits, from the river Kolyma, which took up four years. Dr. K. has succeeded in bringing alive to Europe many new plants. When off the Marquesas, they experienced very cruel treatment from the savages; an officer and three men were killed. This was the expedition the late pedestrian traveller, Captain Cochrane, went to join on foot, from Irkutsk to the Kolyma, a distance of about four thousand miles, in the depth of winter, through an almost uninhabited region.

Nothing annoys an enemy more than kindness. It is an arrow which always hits the mark. It is the most severe, yet the most noble mode of treatment.—*My Thought Book*.

A correspondent in the Hobart Town Times of February 16 states, his having found, on a pebble beach at the end of an inlet near the south cape of New Zealand, a ship’s top-mast of very large size, which he conjectures was part of the wreck of La Boussole, in which De la Perouse sailed. It is numbered 32.

Pencils.—There is one invention which, I think, it is very singular has not yet been accomplished, viz. a substitute for pen and ink in the field or open air. The best I have yet seen is a red pencil I procured in France; but I cannot tell what the composition is. Perhaps it is red lead, or red chalk and bees’ wax. — It keeps its place—is fixed or indelible; so much so, that India rubber has no effect on it whatever, or any thing else I can yet find; it marks best when slightly damped with the tongue; but it seems to be harder in some parts than others, and writes best on a soft or smooth coarse paper, or even on hard paper, if a piece of blotting paper is under it. The French have also a species of white horny substance, which is inserted in cedar, as our black lead is, to write on a slate instead of slate pencil; it writes soft, white, and has a much neater appearance than the common slate pencil used in England. *Cor. in Mech. Mag.* We request the attention of our readers to the above article.

Horse’s Power.—This term, used as the name of a measure of power, is an expression which has had its origin in convenience. In its first application, no great nicety was necessary, but as the valve of mechanical power became better understood, an exact measure, nearly coinciding with the power of a horse, and uniformity in the practice of engineers became desirable. Mr. Watt has fixed the elementary horse-power at 1,980,000 lbs. raised one foot per hour; or 33,000 lbs. raised one foot per minute; or 550 lbs. raised one foot per second. Mr. Watt further assigned a proportion for the low pressure steam-engine equivalent to a horse’s power, which is 5.5 times the square of the diameter of the cylinder, in inches, multiplied by the velocity of the piston six feet per minute, and the product divided by 33,000, the result is the number of horses power. The advantage of steam power is apparent: the horse can work at that rate only eight hours, the engine may be kept at work ten, twelve, or even twenty-four hours for many days together: the cost of an engine is about the same per horse-power as one horse, and the fuel required, about one-third of the value of the food required by a horse, both being supposed to be employed in the metropolis.—*Repert. of Arts*.

The Norwich Musical Festival begins September 18. Pasta and Caradori, Miss Stephens, Miss H. Cause, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, and Sig. Zuchelli are engaged. The instrumentalists are not less choice.

Paper, Parchment, &c.—Old writings are remarked to retain their colour better than those of a later date; this is not altogether owing to the ink used. Before the early part of the 18th century, alum was not used in the manufacture of paper; now it is; but on paper manufactured without it, ink retains its colour better. With regard to parchment, the skin from which it is made naturally contains a considerable quantity of oil, which prevents the ink from fixing upon it. Hence chalk is used in the manufacture of it, which, though it enables us readily to write upon it, produces a very injurious effect upon the ink. The sulphuric acid being abstracted, an insoluble crust is formed, which lies upon the surface, but does not penetrate or combine with the substance of the skin. This crust, after some time, loses much of its colour, adheres so loosely to the parchment, that it may be rubbed off with a wet cloth, leaving but little or no mark upon it—thus affording a ready means of injuring or altering the writing. Nay the effect is so readily produced, that accidental circumstances, such as rolling and unrolling it, sometimes cause part of the writing to scale off. This is a defect which I have no doubt might be remedied.—*Mr. Reid in Phil. Magazine.*

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—The system of education is adapted principally for those who are virtually excluded from Oxford and Cambridge by the Statutes of Religious Conformity, by the scale of expense, the course of studies, not including law or medicine, &c. The studies are divided into three classes. 1. Those subjects which constitute a liberal education; such as languages, antiquities, classic and English literature in general, mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, political economy, chemistry. 2. Ornamental acquirements; such as Italian, French, German and oriental literature. And 3. Studies peculiar to professional pursuits; such as jurisprudence, anatomy, surgery, medicine, and the application of chemistry and other sciences to the arts. In an hospital, attached to the university, clinical lectures and practice will be pursued.—Pupils, who do not reside with their friends, are to be boarded in houses, selected for that purpose. No age is excluded, but all entering it shall be previously able to read such authors as Cæsar, or the *Eneld*, and Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and shall be acquainted with vulgar and decimal fractions, and able to translate French. The university year will exclude only the months of August, September, and October; and the daily hours of study will be from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, but the law lectures will be delivered between six and eight in the evening. Some few lectures on other subjects will be delivered in the evening. The university will be governed by a council of twenty-four members, of which, six will be annually elected. Leonard Horner, Esq. F.R.S. has been elected warden. The professors are to be appointed by the council, and may appeal to the general body of proprietors against dismissal. They will receive superannuation allowances, and be paid fixed salaries, until the fees received from students constitute a sufficient support. These fees will be from four to six pounds per annum for each student. Only the centre of the university is at present building, and it will contain four theatres, each containing four hundred and forty students, and two lecture rooms, each containing two hundred and seventy pupils, and five other lecture rooms, each containing one hundred and seventy students. The expenses of a pupil nominated by a proprietor will be 25*l.* per annum. The funds of the university are to be not less than 150,000*l.*, nor more than 300,000*l.* More than 150,000*l.* has already been subscribed, exclusive of donations. Proprietors have the right of presentation for one pupil, and are to receive four per cent. upon the amount subscribed, viz.—100*l.* for each share.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

Mr. H. Lee, B.D. has been admitted to a fellowship of Winchester College; and Mr. S. T. Adams to a founder's king fellowship, of New College, Oxford. The governors of Harrow School have instituted scholarships of fifty guineas value, during four years residence at Oxford or Cambridge.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. T. Wise, master of Milton Abbas Gr. School, Dorset, to the rectory of Barley, Herts.

The Rev. W. H. Roberts, rector of Clewer, Berkshire, to be a domestic chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.

The Rev. W. Henderson, M.A., to the pastoral charge of Saint Paul's, Edinburgh.

The Rev. F. Buttanshaw, M.A. of University College, Oxford, to be a domestic chaplain to the Earl of Carnarvon.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.—Imlah's May Flowers, foolscap, 6s.—Joplin on Banking, 6th edition, 7s.—Common Place Book of British Eloquence, 4s.—Selwyn's Nisi Prius, two vols. royal 8vo. £2. 18s.—Chronicles of London Bridge, 56 plates, large paper, £2. 8s.; small, £1. 8s.—Butler's Questions on Roman History, 5s. 6d.—Observations on Psalmody, 4s.—Howard's Colonial Law, two vols. royal 8vo. £3. 3s.—A Sponsor's Gift, 3s.—Hymns for Private Devotion, 3s. 6d.—Johnson on Morbid Sensibility of the Stomach, 6s. 6d.—A Sermon to the London Missionary Society, 1s. 6d.—Ditto to its Juvenile Societies, 1s. 6d.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

LINKS to a Young Friend on the Eve of her Marriage, probably, in our next.

H. C. shall hear from us soon.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Aug. 10	65	67	62	29.64		Showers.
.... 11	61	60	58	.. 62		Showers.
.... 12	60	60	59	.. 70		Fair.
.... 13	61	64	60	.. 94		Cloudy.
.... 14	64	67	65	.. 68		Cloudy.
.... 15	63	67	64	.. 40		Cloudy.
.... 16	62	58	60	.. 45		Cloudy—Thunder

MEG DODS' COOKERY;

Second Edition, greatly Enlarged.

Published this day, in one thick volume, 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

THE COOK and HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL: The SECOND EDITION; in which are given a Compendium of French Cookery, a new System of fashionable Confectionary, a Selection of cheap Dishes, and above 200 additional Receipts.

By Mrs. MARGARET DODS.

Of the Cleikum Inn, St. Roman's.

Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, London; Oliver and Boyd, and Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and Robertson and Atkinson, Glasgow.

This day is published, in three vols. 12mo. price 18s.

THE BRIDE of OBEYDA, and other Tales, by the Author of *Montville*, or the Dark Heir of the Castle, &c.

Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London.

Where may be had, just published—

Chateau of Leaspach, or the Stranger in Switzerland, three vols. 16s. 6d.

Intrigue, or Woman's Wit and Man's Wisdom, by Mrs. Mosse, Author of *Bride and No Wife*, &c. four vols. £1. 4s.

Dissipation, by the Author of *Realities*, four vols. £1. 4s.

Walter the Murderer, or the Mysteries of El Dorado, by the Author of the *Mysterious Monk*, &c. three vols. 16s. 6d.

Sir Roland, a Romance, by Hal Willis, Author of *Castle Baynard*, &c. four vols. £1. 2s.

Seer of Tiviotdale, a Romance, by Louisa Sidney Stanhope, four vols. £1. 4s.

This day is published, in one vol. 12mo. price 3s. 6d. bound.

A COURSE of ELEMENTARY READING in SCIENCE and LITERATURE, compiled from Popular Writers, for the Use of Circus-Place School; to which is added a copious List of the Latin and Greek Primitives which enter into the Composition of the English Language.

By J. M. McCULLOCH, A.M.

Head Master of Circus-Place School.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

THE LATIN AND GREEK LANGUAGES.

Published by GEO. B. WHITTAKER,

Ave-Maria Lane, London.

LATIN.

THE LATIN PRIMER, in Three Parts,

Part 1, Rules of Construction; Part 2, Rules of Position; Part 3, A large and plain Description of the Latin Verse, and of many kinds of Composition in Verse. By the Rev. RICHARD LYNE. Seventh Edition, 12mo. price 4s. 6d. bound.

II.

Latin Exercises; or, Exempla Propria: being English Sentences translated from the best Roman Writers, and adapted to the Rules in Syntax; to be again translated into the Latin Language. By the Rev. G. Whittaker, A.M., late Master of the Grammar School in Southampton. Seventh Edition, 12mo. price 3s. bound.

* * A Key to the above, price 2s. sewed.

The judicious arrangement, and general utility of this Volume, have already occasioned it to be adopted in most of the principal Seminaries; and it requires only to be seen by others, to meet with similar preference and distinction.

III.

Steps to Sense-Verses; or, a Set of Exercises to be rendered into Latin Hexameters and Pentameters. For the Use of Schools. Second Edition. Price 1s. 6d. bound.

* * A Key to the above Work has been arranged, for the private Use of Masters and Teachers, which may be had gratis of the Publishers.

IV.

Enchiridion Lyricum; or, a Guide to Lyric Verse. Composed for the Use of Schools; being a Sequel to 'Steps to Sense-Verses.' By the Rev. I. Hill, A.M. Price 3s. bound.

V.

Gradus ad Parnassum; sive Synonymorum et Epithetorum Thesaurus. In *Ædibus Valpianis*. Second Edition. Royal 12mo. Price 7s. 6d. bound.

GREEK.

I.

Greek First Book; or, the Rudiments of the Greek Language Simplified. 12mo. Price 4s. bound.

II.

Short Greek Exercises, on an improved Plan; containing the most Useful Rules in Syntax; being a concise Introduction to the Writing of Greek. By the Rev J. Picquot. 12mo. Price 3s. bound.

* * A Key to the above, price 1s. 6d. sewed.

This little Work is worthy of the notice of Teachers, being not only on an improved plan, but combining conciseness with utility.

III.

Greek Grammar for the Use of Schools. Translated from the German of V. Christian Fred. Rost. Svo. price 12s.

This Grammar is distinguished by lucid arrangement, conciseness, and fulness. The Author judiciously commences with Prosody, and then proceeds to Etymology and Syntax. The system of accentuation, which is so slightly noticed in Matthiæ, he explains with the utmost clearness.—*Monthly Magazine.*

IV.

The Fundamental Words of the Greek Language, adapted to the Memory of the Student, by means of Derivations and Derivatives, Passages from the Classical Writers and other Associations. By F. Valpy, M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, Svo. price 10s. 6d. boards.

V.

Analysis of the Greek Metres, for the Use of Students of the Universities. By the Rev. J. B. Seale, D.D. F.R.S. late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Ninth Edition. Svo. price 3s. 6d.

This Paper is published early on Saturday, price 8d.; or 1s. post free. Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

London published by G. Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Sutherland, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow by all Booksellers and News-venders; and at Paris, by M. Malher & Co., Libraires, Passage Dauphine.—Printed by Davidson, Serle's Place, Carey Street.